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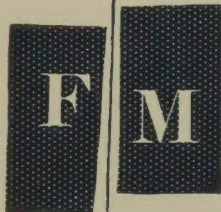
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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1958.



THE BEGINNING OF THE STATE VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS: THE SCENE AT YMUIDEN, WHERE LARGE CROWDS HAD GATHERED TO WELCOME THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left Harwich in the Royal yacht *Britannia* on the evening of March 24 at the beginning of their three-day State visit to the Netherlands. It is the first time that a British sovereign has visited the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Although the Royal yacht arrived at Ymuiden at 8 a.m. on March 25, and the weather was grey and overcast, a large crowd had gathered by the side of the canal to welcome the Queen and the Duke.

In Amsterdam the first official welcome came from twenty-year-old Crown Princess Beatrix, who boarded the Royal yacht in the Y Harbour and accompanied the Queen and the Duke to the landing quay in front of St. Nicholas Church, where Queen Juliana and Princess Irene were waiting to greet them. The Prince of the Netherlands, who had been suffering from a severe cold, had been forbidden by his doctors to take part in any outside ceremonies.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THOSE who are demanding that Britain should give a lead to the world over atomic disarmament forget that, largely as a result of the political philosophy of which they themselves are leading exponents, she is not in a position to do so. That philosophy in a nutshell is that those who detest war—a definition which includes nearly every man and woman in these islands—can best avoid it by divesting themselves of the means of fighting it. The inevitable consequences of this creed, if put into practice, is that those who believe in war as an instrument of policy are offered the opportunity of waging aggressive war at a much smaller cost to themselves than would otherwise be the case. This inevitably tempts them to go to war. Both in 1914 and 1939 one of the principal factors that caused Germany to precipitate a world war and the death, ruin and misery of countless millions was the manifest military weakness of Great Britain and the United States, the two principal peace-loving Powers in the world. Had it not been for the fact that both these countries had excepted their navies from their peacetime programmes of unilateral disarmament, Germany would not only have launched global war but would have won it. Those who, with considerable success, advocated this programme in the past and are now advocating it again may contend that this would have been a good thing. But remembering what they said and wrote—and with justice—in the 'thirties about Hitler's treatment of those who were within his merciless power and about the importance of his own subjects opposing him and shaking off his rule, there would seem to be a flaw in such logic. If it was right for German, Austrian and Czech socialists and liberals to oppose Hitler by force, or if it is right for Hungarian or East German patriot workers to oppose Khrushchev and the Red Army to-day, it is hard to see why it should be wrong for peace-loving Britons who detest oppression and cruelty to do likewise.

For though it may take two to make an unjust quarrel, it only takes one to make a just one. The pacifist position is only compatible with the passive acceptance of injustice and oppression—injustice and oppression, that is, not only of oneself but of others. The much-derided question put by old-fashioned Tribunal chairmen to conscientious objectors in the First World War: "Would you stand by idle if you saw a man assaulting your sister?" was not, in fact, an unfair one. For logically speaking, the pacifist is under an obligation to his fellow-citizens to answer it. Either one has a responsibility to one's fellow creatures—one's family, one's neighbours, one's fellow countrymen, one's fellow men and women of all classes, race and climes—or one has not. Complete pacifism, as I see it, can be justified only by an extreme individualist. To his individual conscience it is wrong, he maintains, to use force, and in a point so sacred the effects of his lofty decision on others cannot be considered. They must suffer the consequences of his personal righteousness.

But, the advocate of unilateral disarmament will answer, it is not only for the good of the non-resister himself that the pacifist doctrine

should be applied, but for the good of mankind as a whole. War is so horrible, the weapons with which it is waged so destructive, that no fate that can befall one's neighbours can be so bad as that which will be unloosed on them if one takes up arms to defend them from violence and enslavement. It is far better that one's sister should be assaulted, one's brother murdered, one's pastors and teachers tortured and thrown into dungeons and concentration camps, one's children perverted and indoctrinated with vile and cruel philosophies than that they should be slain or scorched or sterilised by atomic disintegration. Lord Russell—a man for whom I have the greatest respect—tells us that the effects of the H-bomb

THE QUEEN INSPECTS HER BODY GUARD.



IN THE GARDEN OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE QUEEN INSPECTING HER BODY GUARD OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD. HER MAJESTY WAS ESCORTED BY THE EARL OF ONSLOW (THE CAPTAIN) AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALLAN ADAIR, BT. (THE LIEUTENANT).

On March 21 the Queen inspected The Queen's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard in the garden of Buckingham Palace. The Gentlemen of the Household in Waiting were in attendance and the Guard received the Queen with a Royal Salute. At the conclusion of the inspection, the Guard gave three cheers for her Majesty before marching past the Queen and returning to St. James's Palace.

are so terrible and terrifying that no one except a scientist who understands them has any right to pronounce on the matter at all. With all respect, however, I doubt if the fate of those subjected to the effects of these ghastly weapons would, in practice, be substantially worse than that of those whom Hitler incarcerated in Belsen and Buchenwald or those whom the Russian secret police "correct" for the good of the State in their torture cells and Siberian labour camps. For by a fortunate dispensation of Providence, the amount of agony a human can suffer is limited; pass that limit and he or she suffers no more.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

If we are to judge of the matter merely by a

comparison between the degrees of suffering imposed by atomic war on the one hand or by the subjection of mankind to a universal and merciless tyranny on the other, there is probably very little in it. Both must involve human suffering on a vast and unimaginable scale. And if an atomic scientist is alone capable of telling us what a war waged with atomic weapons can do to us, only someone who has suffered under the invasion and rule of tyrants is really in a position to speak of what such suffering implies. If we are to take counsel of Lord Russell in the matter, we ought also to take counsel of the survivors of Hitler's concentration camps, of the "intellectuals" and "liberals" and "kulaks" of the Baltic Republics, of Poland and of Russia itself who were "liquidated" by the self-appointed agents of the proletarian dictatorship, of the scores of thousands of women who were raped when the Russian armies swept across Europe in 1945, of the Hungarian patriots who vainly rose against the secret police and Red Army tanks in 1956. For it is naïve to suppose that we shall be spared similar experiences if we bow our heads and those of our neighbours and countrymen to an alien tyranny because we regard it as morally wrong to arm ourselves with the only weapons with which we can hope to resist an enemy who has already armed himself with such weapons and will certainly use them against us if we attempt to halt his advance without them.

For the irony of the present situation lies in the fact that it is not Great Britain and her Government—to-day being stigmatised as immoral and criminally stupid because of her participation in the defence of the Western World with the only weapons now capable of defending it—that is threatening the peace of the world, but the Government of Soviet Russia. It is to that Government that those who demand the renunciation of both atomic and conventional weapons should address themselves. When the war against Nazi Germany ended, both Great Britain and the United States rapidly demobilised their conventional forces. Soviet Russia, on the contrary, maintained hers at wartime level and, at sea and in the air, continued to increase them. But for the American possession of the secrets of atomic production—originally given her by British scientists—Russia, already in control of half Europe and most of Asia, could and undoubtedly

would have conquered the remainder. Instead, while maintaining her overwhelming superiority in conventional weapons, she sought with the help of British and American traitors to secure possession of the secrets which alone prevented her from using that superiority. She has now secured them and has apparently armed herself with far more powerful weapons than Britain as yet possesses. Only the possession by Britain's democratic ally, the United States, of the atomic deterrent prevents the Kremlin from making any demand on us she pleases. Those who are so vociferously demanding that Britain should give a lead to the world ought to remember these elementary facts. They are not comfortable ones, but any political proposal or policy that ignores them is meaningless.

ROYAL OCCASIONS
IN LONDON:
THE QUEEN
AT THE OLD VIC;
AND HER MAJESTY
AT THE FIRST
PERFORMANCE OF
THE BRITISH FILM
"DUNKIRK."

(Right.) ON THE OLD VIC STAGE:
SOME OF THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES
(TO SAY NOTHING OF *DUFF*) WHO
WERE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.



GREETING ONE OF THE ACTORS WHO HAD ENTERTAINED HER:
THE QUEEN PATTING *DUFF*, A GOLDEN LABRADOR, WHO
PLAYS CRAB IN "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."



IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE NEW ANNEXE TO THE OLD VIC: THE QUEEN UNVEILING A PLAQUE COM-
MEMORATING THE OCCASION
THE NEW BUILDING IS COSTING
£90,000. IT WILL HOUSE THE
THEATRE'S WARDROBE AND
SCENIC WORKSHOPS.



AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE: THE QUEEN TALKING TO MR. GEORGE STEELE, ONE
OF THE DUNKIRK VETERANS WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE PREMIERE OF THE FILM "DUNKIRK."

PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN: ROSEMARY THOMAS,
OF PINNER, DAUGHTER OF A DUNKIRK VETERAN.

On March 18 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a special private performance at the Old Vic, in Waterloo Road. The programme consisted of excerpts from the Shakespeare plays performed during the five-year folio. The Royal visit marked the concluding stages of the five-year folio and the building of the new annexe to the theatre, which is expected to be in full use by the autumn. After the special performance the Queen went on to the

stage, where the performers, including *Duff*, a golden retriever owned by Keith Michell, were presented to her.—On March 20 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the world premiere of the British film "Dunkirk" at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square. The performance was in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. A number of Dunkirk veterans who attended the premiere were presented to the Queen.

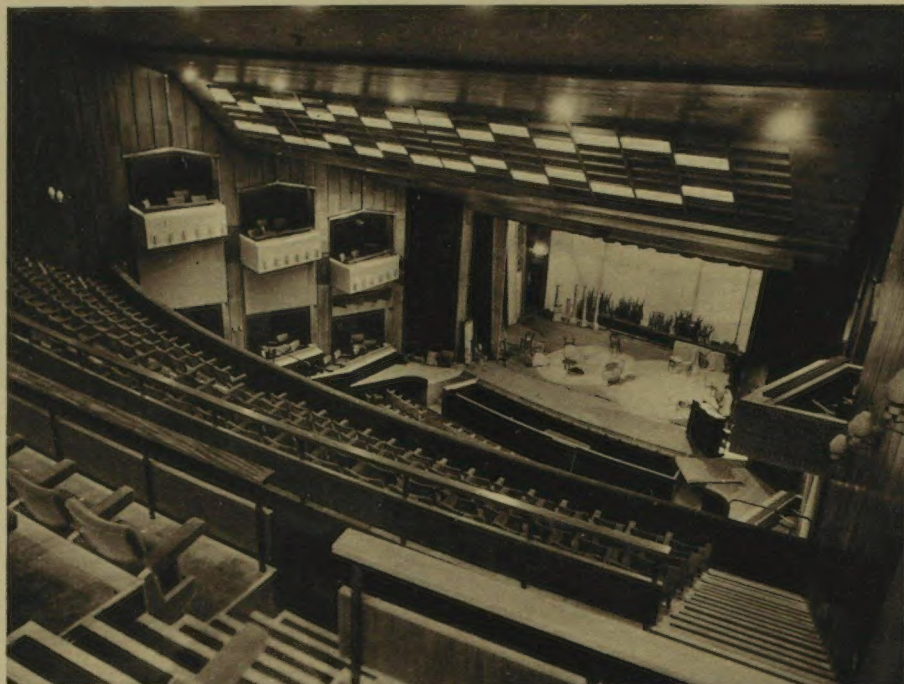
FROM MUSIC TO NEW BUILDINGS: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM AT HOME AND FROM CYPRUS.



(Left.)
AT EATON HALL
OFFICER CADET
SCHOOL, CHESTER:
THE LAST PASSING-
OUT PARADE.

The last passing-out parade at Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School, Chester, took place on March 20. Since 1947, some 15,000 cadets have become officers at Eaton Hall. The future of Eaton Hall is still uncertain.

(Right.)
THE FIRST MAJOR
THEATRE TO BE BUILT
IN THIS COUNTRY
SINCE THE WAR: THE
NEW BELGRADE
THEATRE, COVENTRY,
WHICH WAS TO BE
OPENED ON MARCH 27.
A GIFT OF WOOD FOR
THE NEW THEATRE
WAS MADE BY THE
YUGOSLAV CAPITAL.



AT A PRESENTATION OF HONOURS AND AWARDS IN NICOSIA, CYPRUS, RECENTLY: MRS. F. PAPAZOGLU RECEIVES HER AWARD FROM THE GOVERNOR. AWARDS TO EIGHTY-SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES FOR SERVICES IN CYPRUS WERE ANNOUNCED RECENTLY.



IN THE HALL AT WANDSWORTH PRISON: EILEEN JOYCE PERFORMS FOR AN AUDIENCE OF PRISONERS.

Eileen Joyce, the pianist, performed recently in a concert given at Wandsworth Prison, London, for the prisoners. The audience was also entertained by Larry Adler, the mouth-organist. The concert was part of a scheme for holding lectures and concerts for London prisoners.



ON THE OCCASION OF HIS INSTALLATION AS AN HONORARY FREEMAN OF MANCHESTER: SIR JOHN BARBIROLI, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS, PRETENDS TO PLAY A FLORAL VIOLIN. SIR JOHN IS MANCHESTER'S 62ND HONORARY FREEMAN.



COVENTRY: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS DUE TO BE CONSECRATED IN 1962.

Progress continues with the building of the new Coventry Cathedral. While there was news recently of the tapestry which is to be made for the Cathedral, an appeal for £200,000 for its furnishing and completion was announced in February.



A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE IN GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, WHICH WAS CONSECRATED ON SUNDAY, MARCH 23. THE CONSECRATION WAS PERFORMED AT A SPECIAL INAUGURAL SERVICE BY THE CHIEF RABBI, THE VERY REVEREND DR. BRODIE.

SERENE MOTHERHOOD: PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO WITH HER BABY SON.



WITH HER FACE GENTLY TOUCHING HER BABY SON'S HEAD: HER SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCESS GRACE, FIVE DAYS AFTER THE LITTLE PRINCE'S BIRTH.



GAZING WITH MINGLED PRIDE AND JOY UPON THE SLEEPING FACE OF HER LITTLE SON: PRINCESS GRACE WITH THE INFANT PRINCE IN HER ARMS.

The rejoicing in Monaco which followed the birth of a son to Prince Rainier and Princess Grace on March 14 was echoed in many places. Numerous people, in a world too full of tragic events, greeted the news with joy. The baby Prince is expected to be christened about the middle of next month.

On this page we show two photographs of Princess Grace and her baby which epitomise the joy felt by a young mother who holds her first-born son in her arms. Prince Albert Alexander Louis Peter takes precedence over his little sister, Princess Caroline, and is heir to the throne of Monaco.

IN the middle of this month the Prime Minister remarked during question-time in the House of Commons that he would be glad to discuss defence policy with the Leader of the Opposition. This is not the first occasion that such a proposal has been made. When Sir Winston Churchill was Prime Minister it was not only made, but accepted and realised for some time. There has indeed generally been agreement between Government and Opposition that foreign and defence policy should be treated differently from other matters which divide parties fundamentally. In days when party lines were blurred, in early 1801, on Pitt's resignation, the outgoing Foreign Secretary, Lord Grenville, offered his successor, Lord Hawkesbury (later the Earl of Liverpool), in the friendliest way the aid of his experience of the political temper of Europe.

The situation with regard to Mr. Macmillan's proposal now appears to be that, before this article is read, he and Mr. Gaitskell will have met to give the former the opportunity to explain precisely what he meant. This would be a preliminary contact leading to the second step, which would be a discussion between Mr. Gaitskell and his colleagues of the Shadow Cabinet of the principle of joint conversations and their desirability. Supposing they were considered desirable, there

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DEFENCE POLICY AND PARTY POLITICS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

be quite as disastrous as would have been victory by Hitler in the Second World War. Again, it is hardly to be supposed that Mr. Gaitskell considers the approach of Mr. Macmillan to have been made with the object of shielding himself from criticism, though that is the object attributed to him by a newspaper which has been pouring cold water on the Prime Minister's proposal. Some politicians speak as though they sympathised with nations and spokesmen hostile to our country more than with British politicians of opposite views, but they do not, I hope, mean it.

It should not be forgotten that a Government spokesman who is replying to criticisms of defence policy by opponents ignorant of facts is in a far more embarrassing position than a member of the Opposition who makes criticisms with a background of knowledge. It is from the Government, not the Opposition, that the initiative must come in revelations to the public. It is the Government that forms the policy and has to outline it to

level differing from that of domestic issues? I think not. Indeed, it often is even now by the more responsible speakers. We often meet admission of the principle, even when the practice is not being followed, that the scoring of party points on this subject ought to be avoided. If ever there has been a time when this has been desirable, the arguments in its favour are at their strongest to-day. No threat has ever been as deadly as that with which we are now confronted. Defence is no longer a sectional problem, save for those who would abandon it.

This is not to suggest that there should be, in the American phrase, a "bipartisan platform." The objection is not that it would be undesirable, but that for the moment time would be wasted in seeking the unattainable. From 1906, when Haldane was at the War Office and McKenna about to become First Lord of the Admiralty, such a state of affairs existed in practice. Balfour and Lansdowne did their best, a pretty good best, to restrain the Conscriptors in their party from attacking Haldane's schemes of reform. It must be recalled that at this time the veto of the House of Lords was still absolute and that a number of peers were shocked and angered by Haldane's treatment of their beloved Militia.

NOW ON VIEW AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: THE MEMLINC TRIPTYCH FROM CHATSWORTH.



HUNG AS THE CENTRE-PIECE OF ROOM XX IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE SUPERB "DONNE TRIPTYCH," BY HANS MEMLINC (C. 1435-1494), WHICH WAS ACQUIRED LAST YEAR FROM THE CHATSWORTH COLLECTION AS ONE OF THE EIGHT MAJOR WORKS OF ART ACCEPTED IN PART SETTLEMENT OF DUTY ON THE ESTATE OF THE TENTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Taking its name from Sir John Donne, who is seen kneeling in the left foreground of the centre panel, and who presumably commissioned it, this famous triptych passed to the then Duke of Devonshire in 1753 from the collection of Lord Burlington, a lineal descendant of Sir John. The central panel, with the Virgin and Child with saints, angels and donors, is flanked by two narrow panels with the two SS. John,

the Baptist on the left. On the reverse of the wings are painted statues of St. Christopher and St. Anthony Abbot. Since coming to the National Gallery, this Flemish masterpiece has had to undergo considerable treatment, including the removal of much old restoration, and a new frame has been made for it. (Oil on oak panel: centre panel, 27 by 28 ins.; Wings, 27 by 12 ins.)

would still be a third step, the working out of practical details and, most important of all, the kind of information which should be disclosed, including not only what is being done, but the special reasons why this is considered necessary.

However, the likelihood that all this will happen is beginning to appear remote. It would seem that neither the Shadow Cabinet nor the Labour Party, as a whole, welcome the prospect of joint conversations, and that, however these may be defined by the Prime Minister, their objections are not likely to be removed. The reason given is one which has often been advanced in similar circumstances: that detailed information is often a handicap in Parliament. A speaker, it is said, may find himself so nervous about the danger of lifting the corner of a defence secret that his contribution to debate may be less effective and useful than if he possessed no knowledge of the secret in question. In a somewhat analogous situation, I felt occasionally, when writing military commentaries during the war, that the less I knew the better.

Somewhat analogous, but not quite. The sentiments of Mr. Gaitskell regarding Mr. Macmillan are not, it must be supposed, quite the same as those of our war Prime Minister regarding Hitler, any more than Mr. Macmillan feels that a victory by Mr. Gaitskell in a general election would

Parliament and people, whereas the Opposition has the easier tasks of commenting and in some cases condemning. The consultations suggested by the Prime Minister would not always prevent Back Benchers—from the Government benches as well as those of the Opposition—from introducing absurdities into their arguments from lack of knowledge, but it seems certain that it would give more realism to defence debates.

As regards the unkindly comment mentioned above, that Mr. Macmillan is trying to shelter himself from the criticism of the Opposition, he might retort, if he wanted to score a party point, that the Opposition would rather be left in the dark because light would disclose the differences in its attitude. In fact, the defence policy of the Shadow Cabinet, so far as it has been made clear, is much closer to that of the Government than to that of various sections of its own ranks. Some of these propose complete abandonment of nuclear weapons, regardless of what the other side does, in fact presuming that the other side is unlikely to do anything of the sort. As these views have acquired a certain popularity, the Labour Party is enabled to get the best of two worlds.

Is it old-fashioned to believe that defence is a matter which should always be kept as far as possible out of party politics and debated on a

We cannot expect, I fear, to see so lofty and broadminded a figure as Balfour in our politics very often. But there is no absolute necessity to demand a full non-party attitude to defence. Still less do I suggest that there should be restraint in criticism where vital elements are involved. Extremists will refuse to be muzzled anyhow, and it is better that those with broader and more impartial views should say their say trenchantly than that the platform should be left clear for those whose opinions, however worthy, are chiefly notable for the fact that no party would dream of adopting them. The acceptance of a factual background on defence from the head of a Government does not commit the leader of an Opposition to "bipartisanship."

The smaller gain would be worth having and is much the easier to achieve, since it permits changes of attitude, according as the Opposition party finds new developments in defence policy to be good or bad. The party system possesses great merits, high among which is the fact that it serves as a buckler against less desirable forms of government; it ought, however, to be subordinated to patriotism where there is any risk of the two coming in conflict. It is sad to read of the prospect of useful information being refused because it would put the recipient "at a disadvantage." What sort of disadvantage? In his rôle of patriot and statesman, or only in that of politician?

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



TEHERAN, PERSIA. THE LONELY SHAH—MAKING HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE THE NEWS OF HIS DIVORCE—AT A RECEPTION FOR HIS GENERALS AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS. On March 21—New Year's Day in Persia—the Shah made his first public appearance since the news of his divorce from Queen Soraya at a reception in the Golesta Palace for his generals and members of the Diplomatic Corps. Later in the same day he attended the New Year's party at the orphanage he himself founded.



THE VATICAN. POPE PIUS XII, BLESSING THE ASSEMBLED MULTITUDES OF CATHOLIC ACTION, AS HE WAS CARRIED IN THE GESTATORIAL CHAIR ABOUT ST. PETER'S SQUARE.



THE VATICAN. ON THE NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY OF CATHOLIC ACTION: HIS HOLINESS (IN WHITE ROBES) BEING CARRIED BACK TO THE PODIUM AFTER BLESSING THE HUGE CROWD. On March 19, St. Joseph's Day, a vast crowd estimated at more than 100,000, of young people representing the organisation, Catholic Action, throughout Italy, gathered in the square of St. Peter's to receive the Pope's blessing and to hear the address which he delivered from the podium erected in front of the main doors of the basilica (seen in the foreground of the photograph).



NEW ZEALAND. ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE S.E.A.T.O. CONFERENCE THE NEW ZEALAND PREMIER MEETS THE 500TH COLOMBO PLAN STUDENT. Before leaving for the S.E.A.T.O. conference, which opened at Manila on March 11, Mr. Nash met Si Kheng Kwang, of Sarawak, New Zealand's 500th Colombo Plan student; and said he hoped he'd be there to meet the 1000th such student. After attending the conference, Mr. Nash paid a three-day visit to India.



BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA. BEFORE THE GENERAL ELECTIONS: PRESIDENT TITO ADDRESSING A CROWD GATHERED IN THE MARX AND ENGELS SQUARE IN BELGRADE. Yugoslavia's general elections began on March 23, to elect 301 members of the Federal Council. In six constituencies there are two candidates (both in agreement with the official policy), but in all others there was only a single candidate. The chief point of interest, therefore, lay in the number of abstentions by voters.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



PARIS. GROUNDS FOR A DUEL? THE MARQUIS DE CUEVAS (CENTRE) IN A TENSE SCENE WITH M. SERGE LIFAR (BACK TO CAMERA).

On March 21 the Marquis de Cuevas' ballet company performed Serge Lifar's ballet "Black and White" despite the refusal of permission. During the interval M. Lifar threw down his handkerchief at the Marquis' feet and the Marquis threw it back. Later M. Lifar sent his seconds to the Marquis.



JAPANESE WATERS. ONE OF JAPAN'S NEWEST DESTROYERS: THE "WAVE" CLASS *AYANAMI* OF 1800 TONS, WHICH HAS CONSIDERABLE ANTI-SUBMARINE ARMAMENT.

Ayanami is one of four destroyers, rated as frigates, built in Japan under the 1955 programme. Specially designed to resist atomic fall-out, she has six 3-in. guns, four 21-in. torpedo tubes and two Hedgehogs and two Y-guns (mine-throwers).



NEW YORK. AFTER BLAZING ALL NIGHT, THE FIRE CONTINUES IN A FACTORY BUILDING IN MANHATTAN IN WHICH TWENTY-FOUR GARMENT WORKERS WERE KILLED.

On March 19 fire broke out in a block of old buildings in New York, housing several garment factories, following an explosion. Twenty-four persons were killed, eighteen of them women; and it is believed that panic played a part in the fatality. Eleven were taken to hospital.



THE SEA OF MARMORA, TURKEY. RAISING THE FERRY-BOAT *USKUDAR*, IN WHICH SOME 300 PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES DURING THE DISASTER OF MARCH 1. As reported in a previous issue, some 300 persons lost their lives when the ferry-boat *Uskudar* sank suddenly in a storm in the Sea of Marmora, soon after leaving Izmid, most of the casualties being high-school students.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. BOARDING THE PRIVATE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH HE LOST HIS LIFE: MR. MIKE TODD AND HIS WIFE MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR.



NEW MEXICO, U.S.A. THE BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE PRIVATE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH MR. MIKE TODD AND HIS THREE COMPANIONS MET THEIR DEATH ON MARCH 22. On a flight from Burbank, California, to New York, Mr. Mike Todd, the film magnate and perhaps the greatest showman of the day, lost his life when his private aircraft crashed in the Zuni Mountains, New Mexico. The pilot, co-pilot and a script writer were also killed. Miss Elizabeth Taylor was to have accompanied him, but had remained at home suffering from a cold.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE OF TO-DAY: A DOUBLE BATTERY OF NIKE GROUND-TO-AIR GUIDED MISSILES AT LORTON, VIRGINIA. THEIR RANGE IS 25 MILES. Aerial attack by supersonic aircraft and by ballistic missiles poses new defence problems. The *Nike-Ajax* was the first supersonic anti-aircraft missile designed to intercept and destroy the enemy regardless of evasive action. The *Nike-Hercules* will have three times the range and an atomic warhead.



MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. A HISTORIC JUNKERS 52 MAKES ITS LAST "NIGHT FLIGHT"—WINGLESS AND ON TOW—TO THE DEUTSCHES MUSEUM, WHERE IT BECAME AN EXHIBIT ON MARCH 15. THE TOW WAS DONE AS AN EXERCISE BY A GERMAN AIR FORCE UNIT.



ITALY. THE ITALIAN FIAT G-91 JET FIGHTER—ONE OF FIVE TYPES, ONE ITALIAN, FOUR FRENCH—WHICH ARE UNDER CONSIDERATION AS THE "STANDARD MODEL" FOR N.A.T.O. AIR FORCES.



NAPLES, ITALY. ON THE ANGIOINO PIER ON MARCH 15, WHEN THE MILLIONTH TON OF MUTUAL SECURITY MILITARY MATERIAL WAS DELIVERED FROM THE U.S. TO ITALY.

On March 15, at Naples, the delivery by the United States of the millionth ton of Mutual Security material to Italy was marked by a ceremony when an aircraft was swung ashore from U.S.S. *Corregidor*, to join three others on the quay, which were then ceremonially handed over to Italy.



NAPLES, ITALY. THE MILLIONTH TON OF MUTUAL SECURITY MATERIAL COMES ASHORE: A MILITARY AIRCRAFT BEING OFF-LOADED.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



KUWAIT. OFFICIALLY INAUGURATED ON MARCH 12: A SECTION OF THE KUWAIT OIL COMPANY'S NEW REFINERY AT MINA AL AHMADI SEEN AT NIGHT.

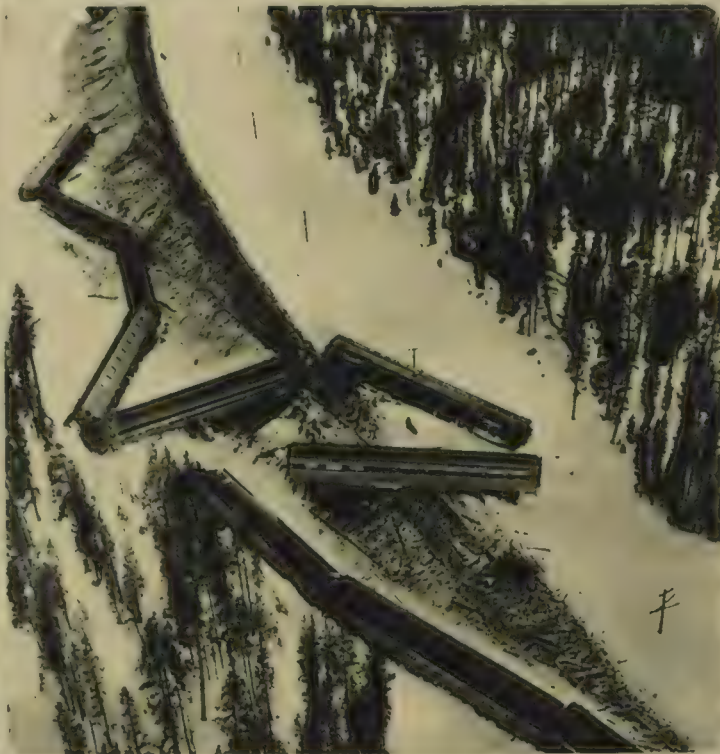


KUWAIT. "ONE LINK IN A LONG CHAIN OF DEVELOPMENT AND EXPANSION": THE NEW REFINERY EXTENSIONS AT MINA AL AHMADI.

On March 12 the ruler of Kuwait, H.H. Shaikh Abdullah as Salim as Sabah, addressed 3000 guests at the gala ceremony which marked the inauguration of the Kuwait Oil Company's two new refining units at Mina al Ahmadi.



ITALY. IN ROME: BRITAIN'S MINISTER OF DEFENCE, MR. SANDYS, BEING GREETED BY THE ITALIAN PREMIER. Mr. Duncan Sandys, the British Minister of Defence, arrived in Rome on March 15 for an official visit as the guest of the Italian Defence Minister, Signor Taviani. During his visit he called on President Gronchi and on Signor Zoli, the Prime Minister.



THE UNITED STATES. A TRAIN DERAILMENT IN WHICH, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLY, NO LIVES WERE LOST: AN AERIAL VIEW OF A SOUTHERN PACIFIC TRAIN WHICH LEFT THE RAILS AT CRESCENT LAKE, HIGH IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL OREGON, ON MARCH 15.



KUWAIT. ADDRESSING 3000 GUESTS AT THE OPENING OF TWO NEW REFINING UNITS AT MINA AL AHMADI TO HANDLE 160,000 BARRELS OF CRUDE DAILY: THE RULER OF KUWAIT, H.H. SHAIKH ABDULLAH AS SALIM AS SABAH.



FRANCE. ENJOYING AN OUTING BEFORE HIS RELAPSE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH LADY CHURCHILL IN A RESTAURANT ON THE RIVIERA.



FRANCE. SMOKING A CIGAR: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, SEEN WITH LADY CHURCHILL, IN A RESTAURANT DURING AN OUTING ON MARCH 15.

It was announced on March 22 that Sir Winston Churchill, who is eighty-three, had had a "mild recurrence" of his old illness. It was later reported that he was getting better. In February Sir Winston suffered from an attack of pneumonia and pleurisy.

GREECE—THE ENCHANTER AND THE ENCHANTED.

"AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART." By DILYS POWELL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

EVERYBODY who reads Miss Powell's Sunday articles about the cinema knows that she has a lively and vivid style, a sharp eye and a persuasive sincerity. So infectious is her ardour that she has frequently made me feel that I really ought to go and see a film, though I must admit that that is as far as I have got. But newspaper criticism of productions so ephemeral as most films and so silly as many does not offer the fullest scope to the revelation of a writer's finest perceptions. We might guess from Miss Powell's criticisms that, given the right surroundings, she could be enchanted and enchanting: that she could at the same time be witty and observant we assuredly know. But it required a book concerning things about which she really felt deeply to exhibit to the full her æsthetic sensibility, her generous emotions, and her narrative power.

The title of her book does not, on the surface, indicate its nature: it might be the title of a delicate short novel. But no: the attachment is not to an individual, but to a country, its landscape, its people, and their long past. Somebody once said of Venice that it wasn't a Capital City but a Love Affair, a sentence full of profound meaning for those who have fallen under her spell. Miss Powell's "affair" has been with Greece.

She has visited it time after time in very varying circumstances. Before the war she was the young wife of Humfry Payne, an enthusiastic archæologist who was Director of the British School at Athens. Most of the famous archæological sites were allotted to archæologists of various nations: "The English had been digging for some years at Sparta. But with the advent of a new Director the Committee of the British School decided to break fresh ground. Humfry was convinced, against the belief of earlier visitors, that there were important remains at the obscure Heraion of Perachora. He asked for a permit to dig, and in 1930 he began work.

"The excavations lasted four seasons: 1930-33. Each year, as spring uncurled the fists of winter, the English arrived, a party of half-a-dozen or so, to pitch their tents on the headland; they stayed until mosquitoes, flies, heat and seasonal difficulties with labour drove them back to Athens. The workmen came from Perachora village, six miles away in the hills. On Saturday night they tramped home with their wages, to return at dawn on Monday. The rest of the week they camped beside the English tents, or found a lodging in the lighthouse; and for nine hours a day they hacked, dug, sifted and carted. And they found; every hour of the day they found. In many parts of Greece an archæological expedition is a commonplace; not here, not in Perachora village. Everything was new; a golden world opened before these uncorrupted peasants, owners of a few pines, a stony field, a terrace of struggling vines. Years afterwards—a lifetime afterwards, if one were to judge by what had passed between—I was, as I shall later describe, a visitor at an excavation in the island of Chios. The discoveries seemed satisfying enough to me, but the director felt that he should excuse them: 'You must not,' he said wryly, 'expect the wealth of a site like Perachora, you know.' And, indeed, I did know. I am not an archæologist, but I have seen what it is like to search day after day and find nothing, I am aware that spectacular success is rare. The

exploration of the Heraion was the chance of a lifetime.

"I was not present for the 1930 season, and I did not see the first astonishing finds of bronze and ivory and pottery. But the next year and every year until the work finished I was there, an onlooker at the exhumation. Briefly, the Heraion proved to be the site of a small but well-to-do Greek town with temples and altars, market-place and colonnade, roads, watch-towers, an elaborate system of water-storage. The foundations of a temple from the ninth century B.C., of another from the eighth, of yet another from the sixth; fine architectural remains from the classical fifth and fourth centuries, and the later, the so-called Hellenistic period of Greece—the discovery of these alone would have been great reward. But it was the amassing, season after season, of beautiful and precious small objects, gifts offered to the goddess Hera in gratitude for favours or in entreaty for help, which brought distinction to the Perachora expedition. Little bronze statuettes of men and animals, birds and mythical creatures; ivory seals, ivory pins, little couchant animals of ivory; jewellery and scarabs; hundreds of bronze bowls, hundreds of terracotta figurines, fragments of exquisitely painted pottery to be counted not in

and then there is the war of 1946-49, during which the anti-Government forces used bases in Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, slipped over the frontiers when it was convenient to them, and nipped back to raid, rob and massacre when occasion arose. She went back again in 1953. She revisited the glimpses: there is a lovely description of a solitary walk at night. She went to Delphi, and found the Greeks as resurgent as ever they were:

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS DILYS POWELL.

Miss Dilys Powell, who has been film critic of *The Sunday Times* since 1939, was educated at Bournemouth High School and Somerville College, Oxford. She was a member of the Editorial Staff of *The Sunday Times* from 1928-31 and 1936-41. In 1926 she married Mr. Humfry Payne, later Director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, who died in 1936. In 1943 she married Mr. Leonard Russell. Miss Powell is the author of a number of books including: "Descent from Parnassus" and "Coco."

to her long memory the obstinacy of this small population against Asiatic hordes is one of the most significant and noblest things about them.

Towards the end of the book she returns to Greece again; and even goes down off Chios with an aqua-lung. Her imagination is inflamed by the possibilities of things to be rescued from underwater in those parts. After all, the arms of the Venus de Milo may still be recovered, and the original of Praxiteles' "Aphrodite of Cnidos," the most enchanting statue of antiquity, but only known to us by derivative copies, even the worst of which retains some of the incomparable grace of the original.

The whole book fascinated and excited me; but I am not sure that the passage that interested me most wasn't that which related a conversation in a country bus with an old woman:

"They say we shall go through Missolonghi," she

remarked. "I have never been to Missolonghi." "Nor I." "Was it not at Missolonghi that Byron died, the lord?" "Yes, indeed." "I should like to see Missolonghi." At the next village she crossed herself again. "Is this Missolonghi?" "Not yet." "Thou wilt tell me when we come to Missolonghi?" "Certainly." "He was a brave one, that Byron, they say." "They speak truly." Then again crossing herself, "Is this Missolonghi?" "Not yet."

Byron also had his affair of the heart with Greece. Even the humblest Greeks have never forgotten that; he died for Greece with little left in life except a faithful valet, and a faithful dog. But his legend lives. I had a friend called Robert Byron, a very remote cousin, who went down the drain in the Mediterranean in the last war, a great expert in the architecture of Eastern Europe, Western Asia, and Byzantium, who found that, when first he arrived in Athens, he was greeted with prodigious enthusiasm because of his name.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 524 of this issue.

TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON FOUR-AND-A-HALF DAYS A WEEK: BURGHLEY HOUSE—ONE OF THE GREAT HOMES OF ENGLAND.



BUILT BY QUEEN ELIZABETH I'S LORD HIGH TREASURER IN THE MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY: BURGHLEY HOUSE, STAMFORD: THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE MARQUESS OF EXETER.

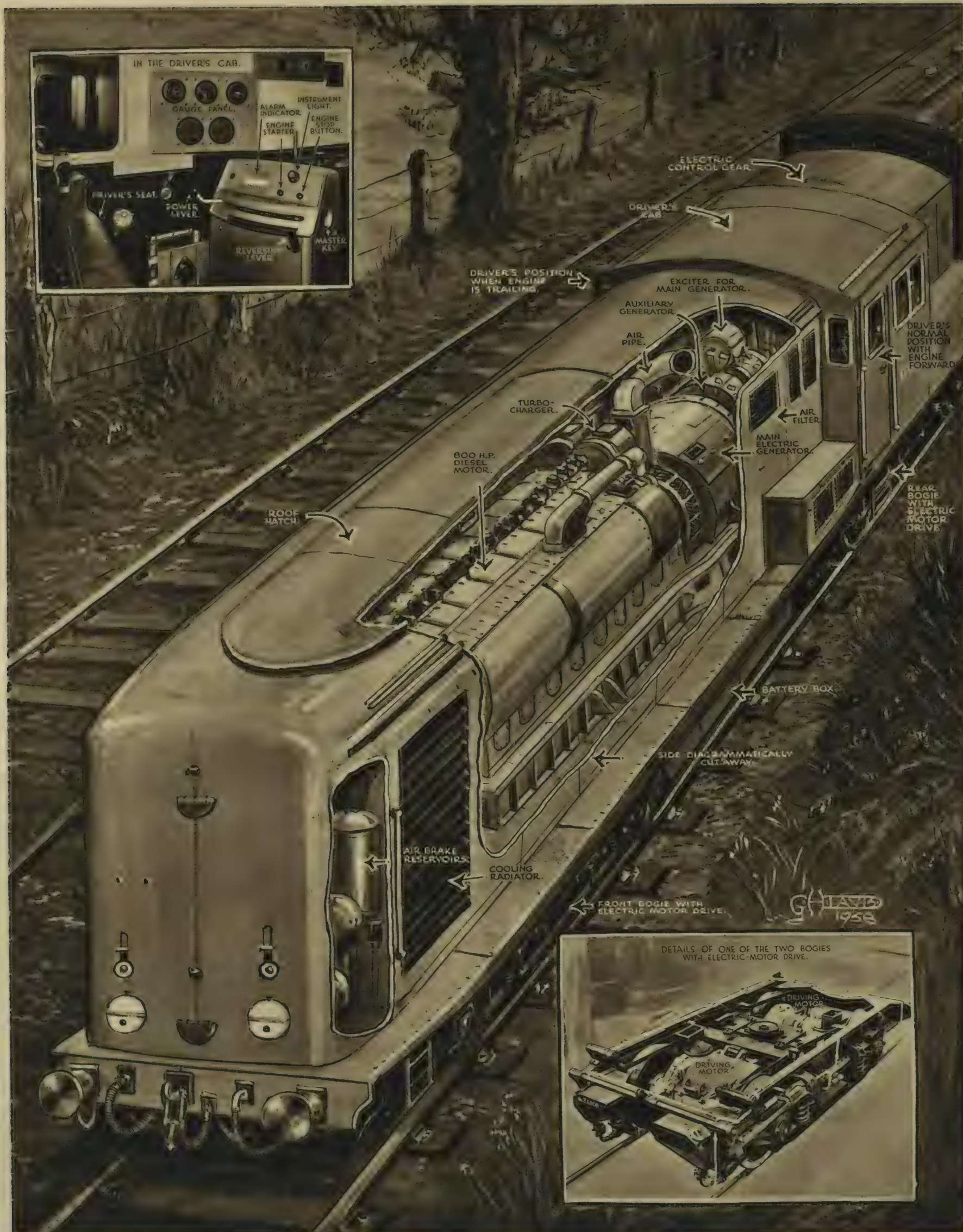
Burghley House, Stamford, near Peterborough, one of the outstanding Tudor houses in the country, but, at present, one of the least known of the great homes of England, is to be opened to the public for four-and-a-half days a week from Good Friday afternoon onwards. Burghley House, home of the Marquess of Exeter, was built by his ancestor William Cecil (1520-98), who was Queen Elizabeth I's Lord High Treasurer from 1572-98. This great house contains a wealth of fine pictures, furniture, china and other works of art, including the famous painted ceilings and the unique silver fireplaces.

hundreds but in hundreds of thousands—only the most famous sanctuaries had yielded so much miniature treasure. That it should now be found in an unregarded corner of Greece was a kind of miracle."

That gives the background. Payne died. The war broke out; and Miss Powell returned in 1945 to Greece, hoping to pick up the old threads in a country which had been hideously devastated by the Germans—who at one time, in their thoroughness, bombed a village still in the last tremors of an earthquake. She found the people as kind and friendly as ever, but the whole place seething with civil war provoked by parties with strings of initials, who were fostered by the Kremlin in the idea that the whole of the Western Powers consisted of capitalists trying to oppress everybody who wasn't a capitalist. The old Payne site at Perachora had not been interfered with by the Germans; it took too long a walk to get there. Nor had much changed in Mycenæ. She went to the inn called The Fair Helen; and the landlord, named Agamemnon, when asked where her bedroom was, said, "The same one, the one you have always had."

After that there is a great deal of politics, in which she exposes the deplorable and wilful ignorance of much of the American and British Press;

* "An Affair of the Heart." By Dilys Powell. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.)



NOW PLAYING A PART IN THE MODERNISATION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS: A NEW DIESEL-ELECTRIC FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE.

The first of ten 800-h.p. Bo-Bo diesel-electric locomotives for main line freight duty ordered from the British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., in 1955 by British Railways was formally delivered by the makers last November. In a ceremony at Euston Station, Lord Rusholme, a member of the British Transport Commission and Chairman of the London Midland Area Board, received from Lord Chandos, Chairman of British Thomson-Houston, the controller key of the new locomotive. The contract is part of a £1200 million plan, details of which were given by British Railways three years ago in their pamphlet "Modernisation and Re-equipment of British Railways." Altogether, over

200 new locomotives and power units have been ordered. The order for diesel-electric locomotives was originally placed to provide for the period before the electrification of the principal main lines becomes effective, and later, to supplement the electrified main system. In the handing-over ceremony, Lord Rusholme recalled that Platform Seven at Euston is part of the original station designed by Robert Stephenson and built in 1837. Cables such as those used then for hauling trains out of the station will soon be reappearing, but this time they will be bringing high-voltage alternating current from the national grid for the electrification of the main line from Euston to the north.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of the British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

THE UNDERGROUND SPRING-ROOM OF THE BIBLICAL POOL OF GIBEON DISCOVERED; AND UNEXPECTED LIGHT ON THE "BORDEAUX" OF ANCIENT PALESTINE.

By JAMES B. PRITCHARD.

(In our issue of October 27, 1956, Mr. PRITCHARD described the first season's work of an American expedition which discovered the huge rock-cut Pool of Gibeon at the village of el-Jib, in Jordan, not far from Jerusalem. This also included the uncovering of part of the city wall and also of a number of underground tunnels leading to the water-table below the city. He here describes the extremely successful and interesting continuation of the work during the summer of 1957.)

ONE of the most remarkable engineering feats of ancient Palestine—a spiral stairway of 79 steps leading down through solid rock to a spring 82 ft. below the surface—came to light last summer as we completed the clearance of the



FIG. 1. FROM A CHALCEDONY SEAL PROBABLY DROPPED AT GIBEON BY ONE OF THE ASSYRIAN CONQUERORS OF JUDAH.

The cylinder seal, which is about 1 in. high, is in the Assyrian style of the eighth century B.C. It shows an ibex and a bearded worshipper on either side of a tree—the tree of life. Here and there, filling in the design, are symbols of the star, the ball staff, a fish and a rhomb.

Pool of Gibeon at el-Jib, an Arab village 8 miles north of Jerusalem, in Jordan. The debris which had filled this famous pool for 2500 years yielded a harvest of 54 Hebrew inscriptions which document a thriving export business in fine wine just before the city fell to the famous conqueror, Nebuchadnezzar, at the beginning of the sixth century B.C.

The expedition was sponsored by the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, Berkeley, California, with the co-operation of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. The writer served as Director and was assisted by Professor Fred V. Winnett, of the University of Toronto; Asia G. Halaby, of Jerusalem, cataloguer; Linda Witherill, of Syracuse, N.Y., draftsman; Claus-Hunno Hunzinger, University of Goettingen, epigraphist; and Subhi Muhtadi, Jerusalem, surveyor. By employing two gangs of men (40 in each) and by working from dawn until sundown, the equivalent of 12 weeks of work was accomplished in the six weeks of the latter half of July and August.

During the course of the 1956 excavation (*The Illustrated London News*, October 27, 1956), there appeared a circular pool, 36 ft. in diameter, cut from live rock, which, because of its spectacular size and workmanship, was judged to be the landmark mentioned in the second chapter of Second Samuel as the scene of the bloody, no-survivor battle among 24 warriors representing the rival houses of David and Saul. A sounding made that year in half of the pool to a depth of more than 30 ft. failed to reveal the bottom.

Twelve weeks of digging were required this year to disclose the purpose of the cutting. The spiral stairway had been cut out of the solid rock as an access to a subterranean spring 82 ft. below the level of the city square, located just inside the city wall (Figs. 4–7). As we reached the bottom we found that water still flowed into the room hewn out of the hard limestone. It was obvious that the users of the spring walked up and down a total of 158 steps for a drink of water.

Lying at the bottom of the water in the spring was a pottery water jar which one of the last users of the water system abandoned before the stairway was filled in 25 centuries ago.

In their attempt to reach the water-table of the hill on which the city stood from a point

which enjoyed the protection of the city wall (Fig. 2)—it was 26 ft. thick at this point—the Gibeonite engineers first cut a cylindrical pool, 36 ft. in diameter, to a depth of 33 ft. (Fig. 4). Removing the fragments of rock, they then carved spiral stairs against the face of the cylindrical hole. For some unknown reason the engineers ceased to quarry the rock from the pool and began tunnelling at the 33-ft. mark, and circled downward by a stepped tunnel (Figs. 3, 7), following the line of the circular pit above, until they struck water 49 ft. below the floor of the cylindrical pool. There, directly under the beginning of the stairway at the top, they carved out a large room for collecting the water which flowed from the crevices of the rock.

The cutting and the removing of stone with primitive means was probably done by slave labour and the carrying-out of this elaborate engineering plan must have required many years. To provide light for the users of the tunnel, the ancient engineers had cut two shafts (Figs. 4, 5) upward to the floor of the cylindrical pool, which was open to the sky.

Thus far it has been impossible for us to date the construction of the pool and the stepped tunnel to the spring, but it is clear from the filling, which was done intentionally, that this system ceased to be used as a means for getting water at about the time of the beginning

unknown until last year, when the expedition purchased a crop of tomato plants growing over it and began to excavate the area.

The debris which filled the pool and tunnel came from the business district of the seventh-century Gibeon. Details of the wine industry of the period came from 54 jar handles (Figs. 8, 14) on which had been inscribed in archaic Hebrew script the names of the makers of the wine. The usual formula was the name of the city, Gibeon, followed by a Hebrew word which is read provisionally as "the walled vineyard of," and then one of three names, Azariah, Amariah or Hananiah. Each of these names appears in the Bible, and one of them, Hananiah, is associated with the town of Gibeon in the Book of Jeremiah. While other names appear on the wine jar handles,



FIG. 2. A PLAN OF THE GIBEON EXCAVATIONS TO DATE, SHOWING THE CITY WALL, THE TUNNELS (SHOWN IN BROKEN LINE), WHICH WERE EXCAVATED IN 1956, AND (TOP RIGHT) THE POOL WHICH WAS FULLY EXCAVATED IN 1957.

these three appear with enough frequency to suggest that they were the names of firms engaged in the manufacture and export from Gibeon—this accounts for the name of the town appearing on the handles—of wine whose quality was guaranteed by the names of its makers. Found also in the debris from the winery were over 40 clay stoppers (Fig. 13) which matched perfectly the mouths of the inscribed jars. A clay funnel (Fig. 14), which seems to have been made expressly for the filling of the wine jars, was found in the same layer of debris. Some of the inscriptions had been made while the clay was still wet before firing; others had been scratched with a sharp instrument on the hard clay after baking.

From this evidence it seems that Gibeon was a kind of ancient "Bordeaux" in Palestine in the seventh century B.C. and must have been famous for its fine wine. The excavation of the areas surrounding the pool should reveal further details of this chapter in the economic and social life of this Biblical city. In the Bible the Gibeonites are celebrated as "carriers of water"; while this tradition is confirmed by the finding of the steps of the pool excavated this year as well as by the clearing of the tunnel of 96 steps to the village spring which was cleared last year, it is now apparent that Gibeon was likewise known for its choice wine.

In addition to the names on the wine jars, private seals impressed on other jar handles give information as to the names of Gibeon's inhabitants. One seal bears the name of Nahum, also the name of a Hebrew prophet of the Bible. Other names are in good Hebrew but do not appear in the Biblical writings. [Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 3. MR. JAMES B. PRITCHARD, THE DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT GIBEON AND THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. HE IS STANDING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL AT THE HEAD OF THE SPIRAL STAIR WHICH LEADS DOWN TO THE SPRING-ROOM.

of the Jewish Exile, early in the sixth century B.C. It is indeed probable that the city was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, either in 598 B.C. or in the invasion of 587 B.C., and that it was this famous conqueror who demolished the water system of Gibeon. The existence of the pool was completely

THE SUBTERRANEAN ROCK-CUT SPRING-ROOM OF THE POOL OF GIBEON REVEALED.



FIG. 4. THE OPEN PART OF THE POOL OF GIBEON CLEARED TO THE BOTTOM AT 33 FT. THE SPRING-ROOM, TO WHICH A SPIRAL STAIR LEADS, IS 49 FT. LOWER. BELOW THE LADDER IS ONE OF THE LIGHT SHAFTS (FIG. 5).



FIG. 5. LOOKING UP FROM THE UNDERGROUND SPRING-ROOM, THROUGH THE LIGHT SHAFT. THE MAN IS STANDING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OPEN PART OF THE POOL, SOME 33 FT. BELOW GROUND-LEVEL.



FIG. 6. THE ROCK-CUT SPIRAL STAIR DESCENDS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OPEN PART AND THEN BECOMES A SPIRAL TUNNEL, FOLLOWING THE SAME LINE AND DESCENDING 49 FT. IN SEVENTY-NINE ROCK-CUT STEPS. IN ALL THERE WERE 158 STEPS DOWN TO THE WATER-LEVEL.



FIG. 7. THE TOP OF THE SUBTERRANEAN STAIR OF SEVENTY-NINE STEPS LEADING INTO THE UNDERGROUND SPRING-ROOM, IN WHICH WATER STILL COLLECTS AS IN BIBLICAL TIMES.

Continued.

The names of four Palestinian cities—three of them biblical—were found impressed on jar handles. Some sixty-eight of the so-called "royal seal" impressions came from the filling of the pool, each containing the words "For the King," followed by one of the names, Hebron, Ziph, Socoh, or Memshath (Figs. 9, 10, 11). These impressions contain either a figure like the winged sun-disc, so common in the ancient Near East of Assyria and Egypt, or the flying scarab. An Assyrian cylinder seal of chalcedony (Fig. 1) testifies to the conquest or occupation of this city of Benjamin by the Assyrians in one of the frequent invasions which they made into Palestine. In the Book of Joshua, Gibeon is mentioned as being a great city "like one of the royal cities." The evidence from this year's excavation of a dump heap reveals that the 16-acre metropolis was not only a business centre in which the citizens were unusually literate, but that the city was not without its own indigenous art. Drawings of a

[Continued opposite.]

GIBEON — "BORDEAUX" OF ANCIENT PALESTINE: SURPRISING LIGHT ON THE CITY'S WINE EXPORTS.



FIG. 8. PART OF THE EVIDENCE WHICH SUGGESTS THAT GIBEON WAS THE "BORDEAUX" OF ANCIENT PALESTINE: A WINE-JAR HANDLE INSCRIBED (FROM R. TO L.) ON EITHER SIDE OF THE MOUTH "GIBEON, THE WALLED VINEYARD OF A/ZARIAH."

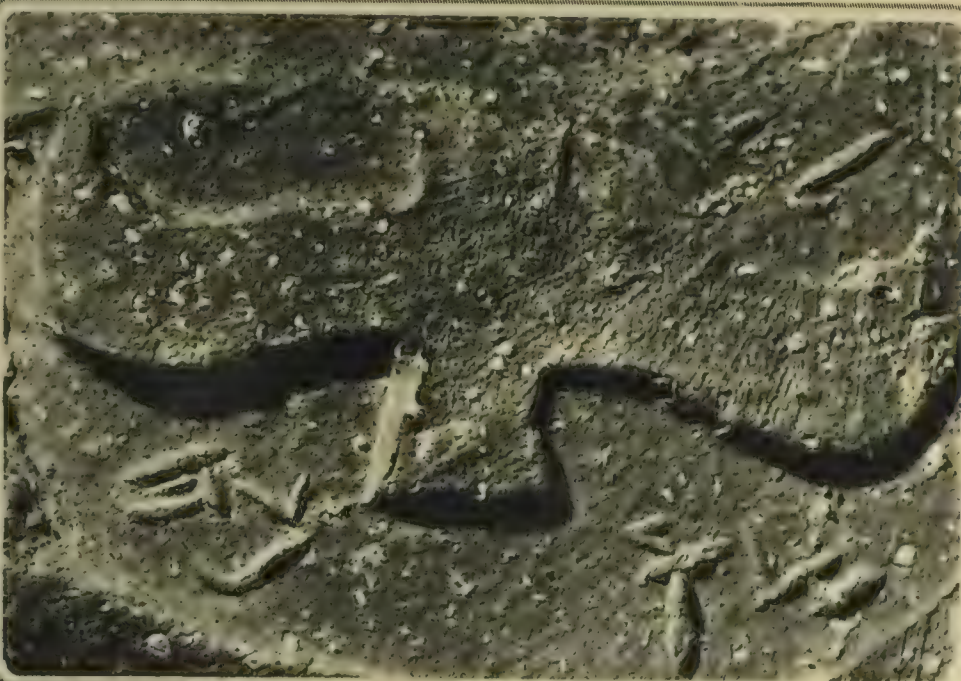


FIG. 9. "CUVEE RESERVEE": A WINE-JAR HANDLE BEARING THE ROYAL SEAL AND THE INSCRIPTION "FOR THE KING, SOCOH" (A JUDEAN TOWN MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE).



FIG. 10. AN IMPRESSION OF A ROYAL JUDEAN SEAL FROM A JAR HANDLE. THE INSCRIPTION READS: "FOR THE KING, ZIPH" (A TOWN MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE). THE FIGURE RESEMBLES THE WINGED SUN-DISC WHICH WAS A COMMON SYMBOL IN EGYPT AND ASSYRIA.



FIG. 11. ANOTHER ROYAL SEAL OF THE WINGED SUN-DISC, WITH TWO CONCENTRIC CIRCLES. THE INSCRIPTION READS, "FOR THE KING, MEMSHATH" (WHICH WAS PRESUMABLY A TOWN). THERE ARE CLEAR FINGER-PRINTS OF THE POTTER SURVIVING ON THE HANDLE.



FIG. 12. LIGHT ON THE GRAPHIC ART OF SEVENTH-CENTURY GIBEON: A LIVELY COCKEREL INCISED ON THE HANDLE OF A COOKING POT. OTHER BIRD DRAWINGS WERE FOUND.



FIG. 13. CLAY STOPPERS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE WINE-JARS OF GIBEON. MORE THAN FORTY OF THESE WERE FOUND IN THE DEBRIS WHICH FILLED UP THE POOL OF GIBEON.



FIG. 14. A WINE FUNNEL FITTED INTO THE MOUTH OF A JAR. THE INSCRIPTION READS: "GIBEON, THE WALLED VINEYARD OF HANANIAH (SON OF) NERA."

Continued.
cock (Fig. 12), a hen, and a bird provide examples of a unique artistic tradition in the seventh century. The bird was drawn in the centre of the familiar six-pointed star, the so-called Star of David. Scores of statuettes of animals, frequently painted with lines of red and yellow paint, came from the debris. Many examples of the pottery figure of the nude female, commonly called the

Astarte figurine, came up in the course of the excavation. If the dump of the city can provide such evidence for the economic and artistic life of ancient Gibeon, the digging of the actual houses should provide some surprises. It is hoped that gradually the uncovering of the entire city within the walls can be systematically carried out.



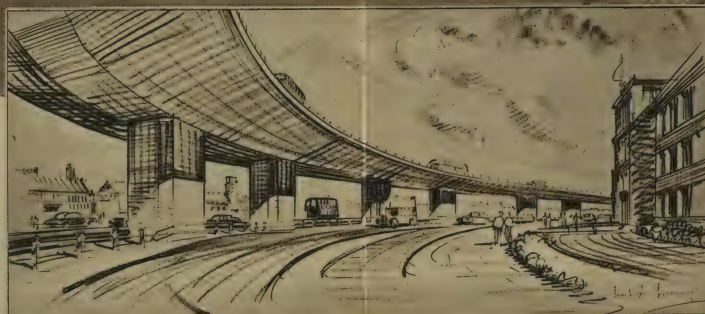
SIR ALEXANDER GIBB & PARTNERS
CONSULTING ENGINEERS
WESTMINSTER, SW1

SOUTH WALES MOTORWAY

BRITAIN'S FIRST DOUBLE-DECKER ROAD: PART OF A GREAT NEW ROAD SCHEME DESIGNED TO PROVIDE A FAST ROUTE TO AND FROM LONDON AIRPORT AS WELL AS FORMING THE FIRST SECTION OF THE LONDON TO SOUTH WALES MOTORWAY. THE PLAN WILL AVOID THE DEMOLITION OF PROPERTY.

DETAILS of a new road plan, designed to provide a fast link between Central London and London Airport as well as forming the first section of the London to South Wales motorway, were announced on March 18. Part of the projected motorway is a double-decker road which will be the first of its kind in the country. This two-tier road will start near the Chiswick fly-over and will follow the line of the Great West Road for the first mile of its route. Single supporting piers with splayed heads will be erected along the centre strip of the Great West Road, allowing traffic to pass freely along the dual carriageways on either side. Where the two roads diverge, the motorway, still on the viaduct, will swing in a north-westerly direction to pass over a large factory before descending gradually to ground-level at a point near Boston Manor Road, Brentford. The total length of the viaduct will be a mile and a half and it will not involve the demolition of property which would have been necessary under the original

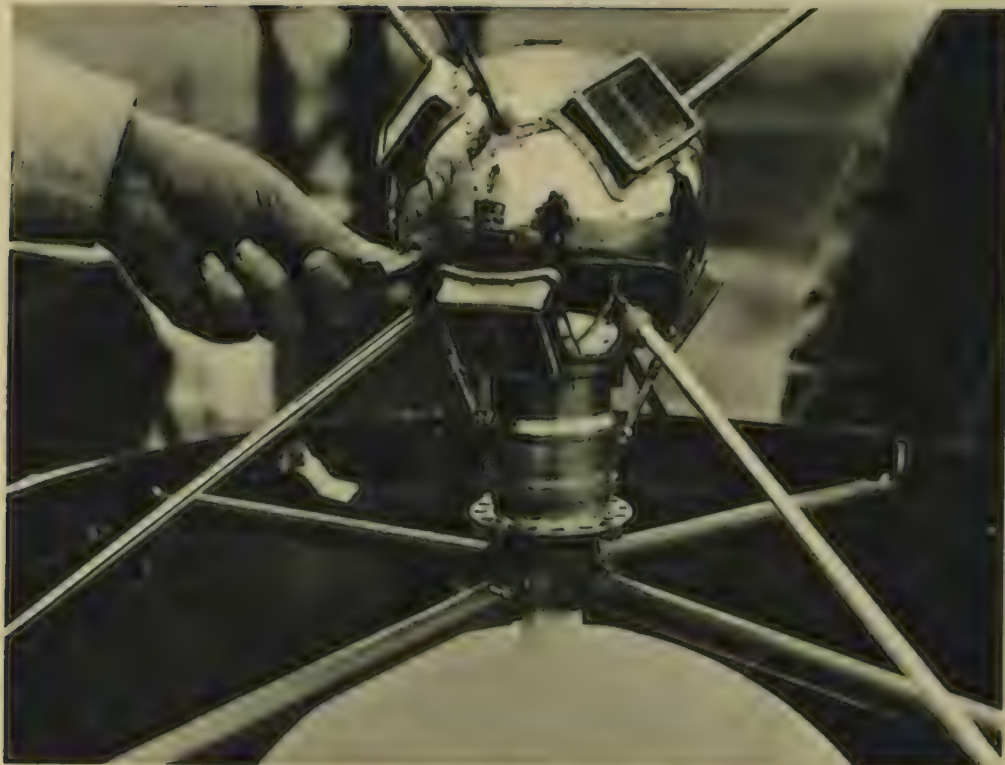
(Continued opposite)



(Above.) THE PROPOSED VIADUCT TO CARRY THE SOUTH WALES RADIAL ROAD: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE VIEW FROM THE WESTERN END. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE BOSTON MANOR PARK AND THE BRIDGE CARRYING THE GREAT WEST ROAD ACROSS THE GRAND UNION CANAL.

(Continued) proposal in the Middlesex County Development Plan for an entirely new western exit at ground-level. Westwards from Brentford the motorway will continue at ground-level by way of Osterley Park as far as the junction with the proposed Slough-M Maidenhead by-pass, which is the limit of the present scheme. The motorway will provide a fast new route for road traffic to and from London Airport, to which there will be a direct connection by a spur road which will branch off from the motorway north of the village of Sipson. The total length of the new road will be 12½ miles, including one mile for the airport link. The double-decker road is based on one which forms part of the "little belt" ring road round the centre of Brussels. The Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, Mr. Watkinson, has appointed Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, consulting engineers, to investigate the scheme and prepare the plans.

(Left.) BRITAIN'S FIRST TWO-TIERED ROAD: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE PROJECTED NEW MOTORWAY WHICH WILL BE ERECTED ALONG THE CENTRE OF THE GREAT WEST ROAD. IT WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH THE FREE PASSAGE OF TRAFFIC ALONG THE EXISTING DUAL CARRIAGEWAYS.



JUST BEFORE ITS SUCCESSFUL LAUNCHING ON MARCH 17: A TECHNICIAN TURNING ON ONE OF THE TWO TINY TRANSMITTERS IN THE U.S. NAVY'S SMALL TEST SATELLITE.



MAKING THE FINAL ADJUSTMENTS: TECHNICIANS AT WORK ON THE NOSE CONE OF THE VANGUARD ROCKET WHICH LAUNCHED THE 3½ LB. TEST SATELLITE.



THE SATELLITE'S LAST FEW MOMENTS ON EARTH: TECHNICIANS FIXING IT TO THE THIRD STAGE OF THE VANGUARD ROCKET SHORTLY BEFORE THE LAUNCHING.

SATELLITE NO. 4: THE U.S. NAVY'S TEST SPHERE SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED.



RISING SLOWLY AND MAJESTICALLY FROM THE LAUNCHING PAD AT CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA, ON MARCH 17: THE U.S. NAVY'S VANGUARD ROCKET WITH THE TEST SATELLITE ON BOARD.

AFTER more than three months of disappointment the United States Navy successfully placed a small test satellite in orbit early on March 17. Weighing 3½ lb., the 6-in. sphere was launched from Cape Canaveral by a three-stage Vanguard rocket. Travelling at about 18,000 m.p.h., the satellite is circling the earth every 135 minutes. The maximum height of its orbit is 2500 miles and the minimum 400 miles. Thus its orbit is greater than that of any of its three predecessors, the most recent of which was *Explorer I*, launched by the U.S. Army on January 31. The satellite is expected to remain in space for from five to ten years. The third stage of the launching vehicle, nearly 50 lb. in weight, is also circling the earth about one mile behind the satellite. After the successful launching it was stated that the next would not be delayed more than a few days.



HELPING TO TRACK THE UNITED STATES' EARTH SATELLITES: THE U.S. ARMY'S HUGE "SPACE SENTRY."

The "Space Sentry," a giant new radio transmitter of the U.S. Army Signal Corps, has recently been erected at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and has been playing an important part in co-ordinating the tracking of the Army's earth satellite, *Explorer*. This equipment is a modification of Radar *Diana*, which made man's first contact with the moon in 1946. The transmitter's signal is fed to the dish-shaped antenna, 50 ft. in diameter. By use of the highly directional antenna, the transmitter power is packed into a narrow beam equal to a million and a half watts. The "Space Sentry" is not itself a satellite tracker but beams its signal to the moon before each space vehicle

goes up. This beam is then used to calibrate the Minitrack listening posts set up throughout the Western Hemisphere and on the west coast of Africa to receive the signals sent out by the miniature transmitters in the satellites. These calibration tests assure that all the listening posts are tuned on precisely the same frequency. In addition, the tests are used to check the internal computing systems of the Minitrack stations. The test satellite launched by the U.S. Navy on March 17 carries two tiny transmitters, one of which is powered by solar batteries and, barring collisions with meteoric fragments, is expected to continue its transmission for many years.



LAID-UP BECAUSE OF THE RECESSION IN MERCHANT SHIPPING: SOME OF THE VESSELS AT ANCHOR IN HOLY LOCH, ON THE CLYDE.



WHERE THE SECOND LARGEST GROUP OF SHIPS LAID-UP IN THIS COUNTRY ARE AT ANCHOR: OVER TWENTY MERCHANT VESSELS IN THE RIVER BLACKWATER, ESSEX.



VESSELS LAID-UP ON THE TYNE, WHICH COMES FOURTH IN THE LIST OF HARBOURS WHERE UNEMPLOYED MERCHANT SHIPS ARE AT ANCHOR.

EVIDENCE OF THE RECESSION IN MERCHANT SHIPPING: VESSELS LAID-UP ON THE BLACKWATER, THE CLYDE AND THE TYNE.

On February 1 ninety-nine British vessels with a gross tonnage of 492,040 were laid-up at ports in Great Britain and Ireland. Twenty-eight of these, making up just under half the gross tonnage, were tankers. The largest group was laid up on the River Fal. These figures—the latest issued at the time of writing by the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom—give some idea of the current recession in merchant shipping, though a number of these ships were laid-up for seasonal reasons. At the same time ninety-two British vessels (including fifteen tankers), with a gross tonnage

of 565,353, were laid-up while awaiting or undergoing repair. Among these were a number of vessels sent for repair earlier than necessary because of the recession. There has been a steady decline in freight charges during recent months, with the result that in some cases it is more economic to lay-up a vessel than to run it with an unprofitable cargo. In the years since the war the most profitable periods for merchant shipping have been during the Korean War and the Suez Crisis. Thus, on January 1, 1957, only sixteen vessels were laid-up in British ports for reasons other than repair.

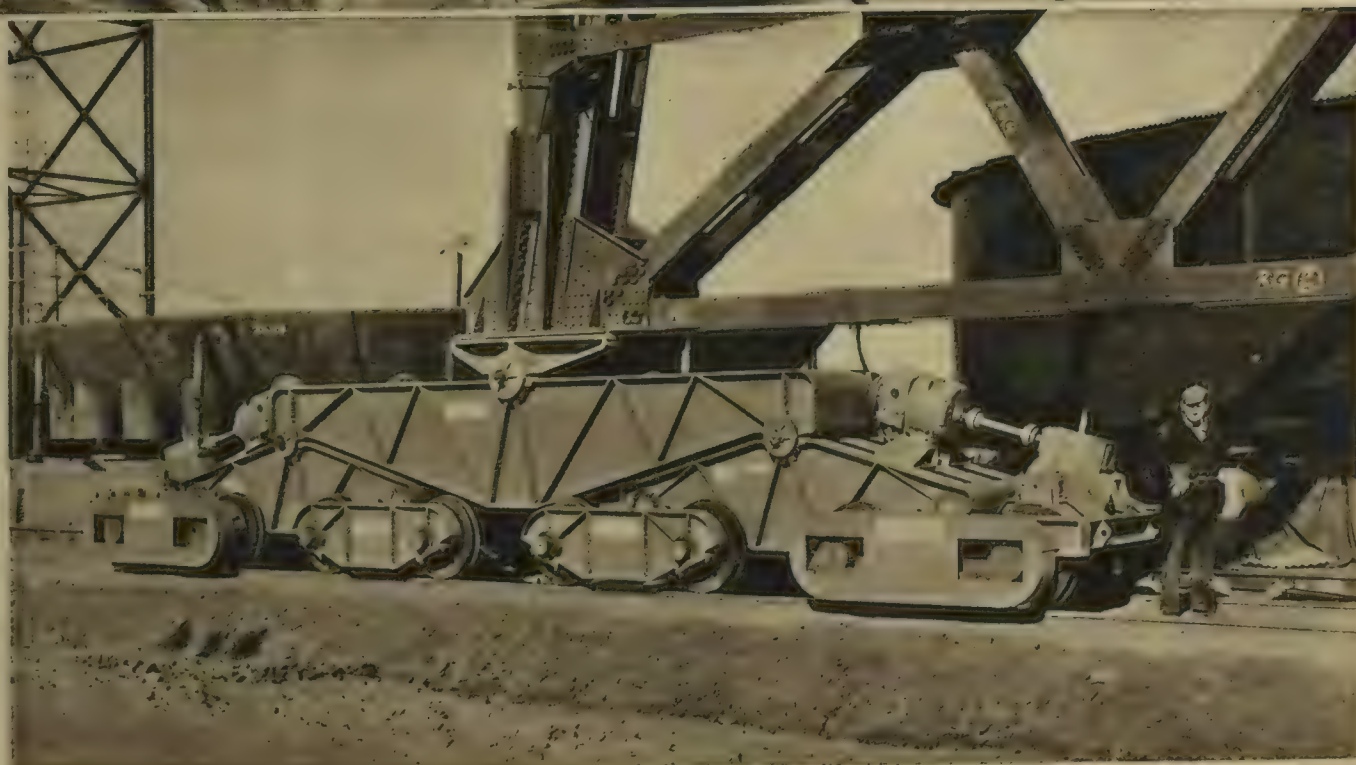
GOLIATH AND THE ATOM AGE: A MODERN GIANT AT A REACTOR STATION.



(Above.) GOLIATH IN SERVICE IN THE ATOM AGE: A HUGE CRANE, AS TALL AS NELSON'S COLUMN AND UNDER ONE MAN'S CONTROL, AT THE BRADWELL REACTOR SITE.

THIS huge Goliath crane, believed to be the largest of its kind in the world, was built by the British firm of Messrs. Clyde Crane and Booth Ltd., of Rodley, Leeds, especially to expedite the building of the Bradwell reactor station on the Essex coast. It completely straddles the site and will lift the heavy boiler and reactor structures into position. It is designed to lift, traverse and travel very heavy loads and is here seen lifting a 200-ton block of concrete. It works by electricity and is virtually controlled by one man. After its work at Bradwell is completed, it will be dismantled and moved on to another reactor station. A second and larger Goliath, to lift 250 tons, has been ordered by the contractors.

(Right.) ONE OF THE FOUR PAIRS OF GIANT BOGIES ON WHICH THE £400,000 GOLIATH CRANE MOVES ON STANDARD GAUGE RAILWAY LINES AT THE BRADWELL SITE.



BADGER CUBS REARED BY HAND: AN UNUSUAL ACHIEVEMENT RECORDED.



AT THREE WEEKS OLD, WHEN THEY WERE BEING FED FOUR-HOURLY: TWO WELL-FILLED BADGER CUBS.



WARMED BY A HOT-WATER BOTTLE: A CUB PEERING OUT OF THE BOX WHICH WAS ITS TEMPORARY NEST.



FEEDING-TIME: A THREE-WEEK-OLD BADGER CUB TAKING A PROPRIETARY PUPPY FOOD FROM A BOTTLE.

THE photographs on this and the facing page, showing various stages in the rearing of three orphan badger cubs, were taken by Mr. J. H. D. Hooper, who will be remembered by our readers for his photographs of Horseshoe bats in Devon caves. Recently Mr. Hooper turned his attention temporarily from bats to badgers when a friend of his, Mr. Brian Nettleton, of Leeds, undertook the difficult task of hand-rearing three badger cubs. When these

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.] photographs were taken Mr. Nettleton was living at Streatley and the cubs were brought up in a garden there. The mother badger was killed by a keeper when her cubs were only a few days old and, at this early age, they were rescued and adopted by Mr. Nettleton, who fed them with a bottle every four hours for several weeks. The cubs, two females and a male, were called Kelly, Marilyn and Bill. Within a few weeks they learned to walk "to heel" as well as any dog

[Continued opposite.]



AT FIVE WEEKS OLD: ONE OF THE CUBS ENCOUNTERS ITS FOSTER-PARENT WHILE OUT FOR A TOUR OF THE LAWN, AND AFTER INVESTIGATING HIS FACE SNIFFS CURIOUSLY AND INQUIRINGLY AT HIS WATCH. (INSET) A PICTURE OF PERFECT CONTENTMENT.



AT SEVEN WEEKS OLD: THE THREE CUBS ABOUT TO MAKE A MOCK ATTACK ON A DOBERMANN PINSCHER BITCH WHICH ENTERED INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME.



NOW TEN WEEKS OLD: A CUB, WITH DRY AND DUSTY NOSE, EMERGING FROM AN EMPTY RABBIT-HOLE IN WHICH IT HAD BEEN BURROWING.

MARILYN (MONROE) AND KELLY (GRACE)—TO SAY NOTHING OF BILL.



AMONG THE LONG GRASS IN WHICH THEY DELIGHTED TO WANDER AND LOOK FOR INSECTS: THE THREE BADGER CUBS AT TEN WEEKS OLD.



DURING A VIGOROUS ROMP: ONE OF THE THIRTEEN-WEEK-OLD CUBS SEIZES ITS FOSTER-PARENT'S FINGER. IT RARELY BIT TO HURT.



IN A WOOD NEAR THE HOUSE: ONE OF THE CUBS LEAVING A DISUSED RABBIT-HOLE AFTER ENJOYING SOME BURROWING PRACTICE.



DURING A CALL AT THE "LOCAL": ONE OF THE CUBS, AT FIFTEEN WEEKS OLD, MAKING SHORT WORK OF A SAUSAGE ROLL ON THE BAR COUNTER. BILL, MARILYN AND KELLY WORE COLLARS AT THIS AGE.



IN THE BAG: BILL, AGED FIFTEEN WEEKS, RATHER RELUCTANTLY ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE WEIGHED. THE SCALES RECORDED 16½ LBS.



QUITE AT HOME INDOORS: MARILYN, AGED 7½ MONTHS, ABOUT TO MAKE HER WAY UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT NIGHT AT EIGHT MONTHS OLD: THE TWO REMAINING CUBS, MARILYN (MONROE) AND KELLY (GRACE), WHO WOULD COME OUT OF THEIR SETT IN ANSWER TO THEIR OWNER'S CALL.

Continued.
and afterwards accompanied Mr. Nettleton on walks. By the time they were ten weeks old the cubs had been weaned to a diet consisting largely of porridge and raw meat, which was augmented with slugs, worms, or anything else they could glean for themselves in the long grass. The cubs were always eager to romp and play either amongst themselves, with a Dobermann Pinscher bitch or with their foster-parent, Mr. Nettleton. During their walks with Mr. Nettleton they sometimes called in at the "local," where strangers were apt to be surprised when they saw three badger cubs weaving in and out of

their feet! As they grew older the cubs became more nocturnal in their habits and spent much of their time in a sett which they made from some abandoned rabbit-holes in a nearby wood. One of the cubs, *Bill*, died at three months as the result of injuries, possibly received in a road accident, but the two females continued to thrive. *Kelly* preferred to remain hidden most of the day in the sett, but *Marilyn*, who was very tame, was quite at home indoors. At night, when they delighted to play in the wood, they were shy with strangers but would come out of their sett in answer to Mr. Nettleton's call.

Photographs by J. H. D. Hooper.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HE was sitting on my side of the compartment in the train, reading his morning paper. Then he leaned towards me and, pointing to a news item in the newspaper, said: "I did not know a rat could gnaw through a lead pipe." I replied with a wholly unjustified air of authority, that a fat book could be written on all the things rats and mice have been known to bite through. As he

RATS BITE ODD THINGS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

no argument that these teeth led to unparalleled success. A rodent can chew anything edible, soft or hard; it can open nuts that defeat other animals, for example. It can burrow into hard ground or other hard substances. The result has been that rodents have flourished exceedingly, producing more species than any other group of mammals, and populations, which in some species, such as brown rats, exceed even the vast human populations now causing severe headaches to economists, politicians, and others.

The same agency, whether Providence or a gene, or one of these in combination with a natural selection, not only gave rodents efficient incisors but the urge to use them constantly. In a world untouched by human hands, this is a virtue. It not only ensured the rodents' survival by opening up to them limitless supplies of food and enabling them to burrow into anything but hard rock, but it also fitted the rodents to be first-class scavengers. This comment is based on the assumption that rodents gnaw more persistently than is necessary to obtain sustenance or shelter. There are no statistical studies to support this assumption, but one has the general impression that much of the damage to man's crops, buildings and other possessions falls under the heading of wanton damage. That is to say, damage not wholly connected with the rodent's necessities for living, unless keeping the incisors sharp and wearing them away to counteract the growth at the roots be counted

bodies; or it may be merely due to the rodents' urge to gnaw. Archaeologists have found, on occasion, among flint tools and fragments of pottery, bones that bear the appearance of having been worked by human hands. The bones appear to have been specially shaped and the markings upon them might have been caused by chipping with flint tools. Archaeologists are no less cautious than other scientists and seek confirmation of their ideas from other sources. When such bones are shown to a zoologist it is not long before he realises that the bones have been gnawed by rats and buried, by chance, on the site of an early culture.

Why rats should gnaw bones has not been subject to close scientific scrutiny, but it is a fair guess that, as with so many other mammals, calcium is needed by the body, and that bones offer a ready source for this. It may be, on the other hand, that the gnawing of bones is, like gnawing through lead pipes, a non-utilitarian pursuit, a result of hyper-activity on the part of the rodent that has no functional end. In this connection we may recall the studies by Curt P. Richter and Katherine K. Rice, in 1954. They set to work to assess the differences between the domesticated rat and the wild Norway rat. We know that the first is gentle and trusting, does not bite unless frightened or hurt and makes no attempt to escape. The wild rat, by contrast, is fierce, aggressive and suspicious, attacking on the slightest provocation. In captivity, it will take the first opportunity to escape and always remains suspicious and tense. These marked differences in behaviour are the result, among other things, of a considerable difference in the adrenals, those of the domesticated rat being only one-third to one-fifth the size of the adrenals in the wild rat.

Another difference Richter and Rice found was that when deprived of food the general activity of the domesticated rat increases by no more than 32 per cent., whereas that of the wild rat increased by 142 per cent. That is, it becomes four times more active than the normal. The control rats, of both domesticated and wild strains, that were given adequate food, showed the same amount of activity. So these authors concluded that "in both the domesticated and the wild rat, the absence of food would tend to increase the activity because of the more active adrenals, but owing to



A RODENT WHICH WILL USE ITS TEETH TO BITE ITS WAY THROUGH SUCH THINGS AS PLANKS, BRICKS, TINS OR LEAD PIPES: THE BROWN RAT, WHOSE INCISORS ARE CHISEL-SHARP, SEEN HERE IN A FOOD BIN.

returned to his newspaper after this brief conversational encounter I stared out of the window at the countryside flying past us and tried to review all the known examples supporting my over-confident assertion. There are, of course, many instances of rats gnawing through stout lead pipes. Even mice have been known to do so. Electric cables have also been similarly treated. The lights suddenly go out in a house and the electricians ultimately find the fault, a cable bitten through and beside it the electrocuted corpse of a rodent. Then there are the familiar holes bitten through stout wood, plaster or even concrete.

Human prisoners, in novels, at least, have gained freedom by scraping away the mortar with a stout nail, thus loosening the bricks of their prison walls. All that is needed is endless time, persistence and a sharp instrument. One of these, at least, every rodent has in full measure. Moreover, the rodent has the advantage that the sharp instrument it uses does not wear out. It consists of a set of incisor teeth, two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. The usual tooth has an inner soft dentine covered with a hard enamel. The rodent's incisor has enamel on the front only, so that as it is used the dentine wears away more quickly than the edge of the enamel, giving a permanent chisel edge. Unlike most tools, therefore, the more it is used, the sharper it grows. Then again, the incisors are continually growing at the root, and unless used constantly will not keep in working trim.

Whether we take the view that it was Providence or the random mutation of a gene that gave the ancestral rodent its chisel-incisors, there can be

as such a necessity.

My reflections were cut short by another remark from my travelling companion: "If they chew lead pipes do they suffer from lead poisoning?" This turned the spotlight on yet one more advantage held by rodents, that they can chew incessantly and indiscriminately without necessarily paying a penalty in gastric disturbances. Most animals have teeth forming continuous rows from the front of the jaw to the back of the mouth. In a rodent's dentition there is a wide gap of toothless gum between the incisors and the cheek-teeth. Into this gap, on either side of the mouth, the lips can be drawn, completely shutting off the front of the mouth from the rest. When gnawing lead piping or other harmful substances, the chips are shed from behind the incisors out of the mouth.

Much of what has been said here may be familiar knowledge, and yet it is apt to elude one at an important moment, and this has led to rather unusual consequences. Rats are given to gnawing bones, even old bones from which every vestige of flesh has disappeared. It is part of the natural scavenging service already mentioned. It may be that the rats obtain materials essential to their



FOUND EQUALLY IN THE HEDGEROWS AND FARMYARDS AND THE CITY SEWERS: THE BROWN RAT (*RATTUS NORVEGICUS*), WHICH DAMAGES FOOD STOCKS AND SPREADS DISEASE BY CARRYING INFECTED FLEAS.

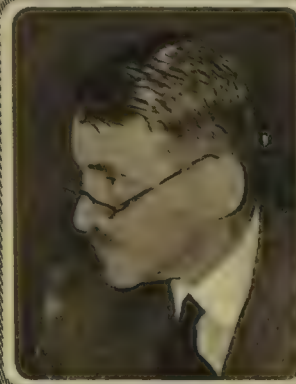
Photographs by Jane Burton.

the greater size and activity of the adrenals in wild rats, their increase in activity would be greater."

From this, it is not difficult to visualise a hungry rat gnawing the first thing it comes across, whether it be plaster, concrete, lead pipe or bone. In some instances the gnawing may be purposive, to tunnel in an endeavour to search for food. In others, it may be merely due to the impulse to gnaw resulting from an empty or half-empty stomach.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.



WELSH UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENT: DR. THOMAS PARRY. Dr. Thomas Parry, who has been Librarian of the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, since 1953, has been appointed Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, in succession to Mr. Goronwy Rees, who resigned last year. Dr. Parry, who is fifty-three, and is a distinguished Welsh scholar and poet, will take up his new appointment on October 1 next.

SYRIAN C.-IN-C. RESIGNS: GENERAL BIZRI. General Bizri, who was C.-in-C. of the Syrian Army until the formation of the United Arab Republic, and who was promoted after that event to the rank of full general, has resigned, it was announced in Cairo on March 22. No official comment on his resignation was given, but it was thought it may have been because of his well-known Communist connections.

BEFORE PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS: H.E. TUNKU YA'ACOB, THE NEW MALAYAN HIGH COMMISSIONER. His Excellency Tunku Ya'acob, the new High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya, is seen above shortly before leaving for Buckingham Palace, where he presented the Letter of Recall of his predecessor and his own Credentials to the Queen on March 18.

RAILWAYS INSPECTION: THE LATE LT.-COL. G. WILSON. Lt.-Col. G. R. S. Wilson, who had been Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways, Ministry of Transport, since 1949, and who conducted inquiries into the railway disasters at Harrow, Barnes and Lewisham, died at the age of sixty-one on March 20. He had been responsible for advising the Minister on the new British Railways automatic train control equipment.

EMINENT IN BUSINESS: THE LATE LORD AIREDALE. Lord Airedale, who was one of the original directors of the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., and its Chairman from 1948 to 1954, died aged seventy-five on March 20. From 1923 to 1947 he was a director of the Bank of England. Among other appointments, he had been Deputy Chairman of Dorman Long, a director of the London Assurance Corporation, and was High Sheriff of London.



DURHAM UNIVERSITY'S NEW CHANCELLOR: LORD SCARBROUGH. The Earl of Scarbrough has been appointed Chancellor of Durham University from August 1 next. He will succeed Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., who is resigning. Lord Scarbrough was Chairman of the Court of the University from 1946 to 1956, and since 1946 has been a member of the Council of the Durham Colleges. His installation is due in the autumn.



UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE U.S.A.: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH STATE GOVERNORS AT THE WHITE HOUSE. On March 19, President Eisenhower and some of his advisers met a delegation of State Governors at the White House in Washington to discuss the rise in unemployment in the United States. After the meeting it was learned that grants, repayable to the Federal Government, had been offered to the States by President Eisenhower to finance an extension of unemployment benefits. In the group above, taken after the meeting, President Eisenhower is in the centre, the Labour Secretary, Mr. James Mitchell, is seated on the extreme right, and standing behind them is Governor Faubus, of Arkansas.



THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO SWITZERLAND: SIR W. MONTAGU-POLLOCK. Above, we reproduce a photograph, taken recently at the Foreign Office, of Sir William Montagu-Pollock, whose appointment as the next Ambassador to Switzerland was announced in January. Sir William, who is succeeding Sir Lionel Lamb, is due to leave for Switzerland some time in May. For the past four years he has been Ambassador to Peru.



WINNER OF THE ENGLISH BADMINTON WOMEN'S SINGLES: MISS JUDY DEVLIN, U.S.A. Miss Judy Devlin won the women's singles of the All England Badminton Championships at Wembley on March 22, when she beat her fellow American, Miss Margaret Varner, in the final. It was her third win in five years.



AWARDED THE R.G.S. SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL: DR. VIVIAN FUCHS. Dr. Fuchs, leader of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, who is to be conferred with the honour of knighthood by the Queen on May 15, is also the recipient of the Royal Geographical Society's Special Gold Medal. The last time the award was made was in 1910 to Robert E. Peary, United States Navy, the first man to reach the North Pole. Dr. Fuchs is at present in New Zealand.



AN EMINENT LAWYER DIES: LORD MAUGHAM. Viscount Maugham, who was Lord Chancellor from 1938 to 1939 and who had held the offices of Lord Justice of Appeal and Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, died aged ninety-one on March 23. A noted oarsman and President of the Union at Cambridge, he was called to the Bar in 1890. He wrote on the Munich crisis and the Nuremberg war trials, and was the elder brother of Somerset Maugham, the author.



WINNER OF THE BADMINTON MEN'S SINGLES AT WEMBLEY: E. KOPS, OF DENMARK. E. Kops, of Denmark, became the second Danish men's singles winner since 1948 in the All England Badminton Championships, when he beat his Danish colleague, F. Kobero, in the finals at Wembley on March 22.



I SUPPOSE that many people, opening any one of the splendidly illustrated picture books of paintings which are now at our disposal—at a price—first turn over the pages to see whether their favourites have been included. Most of us, at some time or another, have fallen victims to the majesty, or merely the charm of a particular work according to our mood of the moment and—as we

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN TEMPERAMENTS.

to the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, and Siena, as the author points out, suffered more than its share of vicissitudes. There was the battle of Montaperti in 1260 against the Florentines; Siena won, but the victory caused more damage than a defeat. There was the sixteen-month siege in 1555. Between these two dates the story is one of wars, revolts, conspiracies, papal excommunication, and bank failures; worst of all, the plague of 1348, when, it is said, more people died in Siena than in any other place in Europe. "We wonder," says Signor Carli, "how it was possible under such circumstances to think of adorning the city and of creating masterpieces; how could they live and work and transmit the most subtle secrets of art generation by generation to hundreds of masters? Of the immense artistic patrimony of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we know only a small part. . . . It is not enough to explain the phenomenon as the result of the Sieneze temperament towards each form of physical beauty. There must have been other factors of a psychological nature; there were Sieneze customs and, above all, there was a very strong and stubborn pride, collectively and individually, and devotional ardour that was steeped in mysticism and passionate exaltation."

The book provides an admirable cross-section from among the finest painters of the period, giving due weight to the grave Byzantine-inspired Duccio, to the sweetness of the two Lorenzetti and the mystical freshness of Sassetta, and not omitting lesser names, such as Matteo di Giovanni, who also made a notable, if less exalted, contribution to the work of the school. Among these there is Giovanni di Paolo, whose remarkable fantasy of a shipwreck from the Johnson collection, Philadelphia, is very little known. Here is the language of symbols and of innocence: St. Nicholas floats in the sky amid

torn sails drifting in the wind, the sailors kneel in prayer on a ship unlike any ship ever made, resting on static waves like little mounds of earth. This must be one of the most naïve devotional pictures ever painted.

A very different, a romantic, agonised northern mind is commemorated in "Grünwald,"† with an introduction by Dr. Pevsner and notes by Michael Meier. Dr. Pevsner claims him as the greatest painter Germany has produced and a few sentences later remarks that Dürer dominates this period in art as magisterially as Goethe dominated his in thought, and that the art of Grünwald, "haunting as it is, is a difficult art, difficult to take in visually and difficult to follow in its meaning." He explains later that "as a painter he towers above Dürer, even if, as universal human achievement, his work cannot be compared with Dürer's." I have no doubt that most people will agree on this point, but I imagine that few will admit that Grünwald is specially difficult to understand. Indeed, I should have thought that his profound emotionalism might well make a more immediate appeal to many who would be unaffected by the hieratic dignity and austerity of the saints and Madonnas of the early Sieneze.

His crucified Christ of the Isenheim altarpiece at Colmar is a tortured creature far removed from the calm serenity of Italy. This wonderful altarpiece, to which 63 out of the 143 plates in the book are devoted, has been the subject of a great deal of discussion during the past thirty years and, perhaps you will remember, was the inspiration of Mahler's "Mathis the Painter." (Apparently the name Grünwald was invented by Sandrart in the seventeenth century.) I shall never forget hearing this music for the first time and marvelling at what seemed to me the composer's complete absorption in the spirit of the painting, especially his evocation of the "Angel Concert" and the "Nativity," which, I note from this volume, are on inner movable wings and revealed when they are closed.

As to the painter himself, his fame goes back no more than fifty years, as Dr. Pevsner points out, and his real name has been known for only about twenty. He was born about 1475, was painter and, apparently, architect to the Archbishop of Mainz, and later—in 1516—was employed by Albrecht von Brandenburg. In 1520 he visited Aachen with his patron, now a Cardinal, for the Emperor's coronation, and there he met Dürer, who gave him examples of his work to the value of two florins. It is probable that he lost his position about 1526 as a result of his Lutheran leanings. He moved to Frankfurt, where, Michael Meier tells us, he seems to have worked as a soap-maker, then to Halle, where he was supposed to have taken charge of the municipal waterworks. The Bible of one of his friends at Halle, Hans Plock, a silk embroiderer, was discovered recently.



"A WOMAN GAZING UPWARDS AND WRINGING HER HANDS": A SUPERB DRAWING WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN THAMES AND HUDSON'S "GRÜNEWALD"—ONE OF THE TWO BOOKS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.
(Chalk: 16½ by 11½ ins.) (Reinhart Collection, Winterthur.)

gain experience and, as we hope, wisdom—our choice will probably vary from decade to decade. In my own case, "The Annunciation," by the fourteenth-century Sieneze master, Simone Martini, made an indelible impression upon me when I first saw it in the Uffizi; it was so incomparably finer than I had imagined. Others have experienced a similar sensation of being transported from ordinary existence on to a wholly different plane when they stood for the first time before the same painter's fresco of "The Virgin in Majesty" in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena—a marvellous fusion of secular solemnity and worldly grace; or before the ritual masterpiece which faces it, wherein Guidoriccio, who commanded the Sieneze in their war against the rebellious towns of Montemassi and Sassoforte, rides proudly across a desolate land of faery amid banners and crenellated towers.

Photography cannot reproduce such things in all their splendour, but it can remind us of them and of that first impact—and this, I think, is accomplished supremely well in "Sieneze Painting,"* with its 137 large-scale plates and introduction and notes by Enzo Carli, Director of the Pinacoteca at Siena, the little place which still preserves so much of past magic, and which, long ago, Berenson called "sorceress and queen among Italian cities."

It is extraordinary that a small provincial town, amid perpetual quarrels with powerful neighbours, should have produced so remarkable a flowering of art from the end of the thirteenth



A DETAIL FROM PIETRO DI GIOVANNI'S "THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS," IN THE ASCIANO MUSEUM: ONE OF THE COLOUR PLATES IN GEORGE RAINBIRD'S FINE NEW VOLUME, "SIENEZE PAINTING."

with several sketches in Grünwald's hand. He died in 1528.

Meier concludes: "This meagre information could hardly explain his art; a court painter, with a fixed salary, leading a respectable existence, has created the concert of angels in the Christmas picture, and the wonderful Resurrection bathed in light. He has endowed the traditional representation of the Crucifixion with a power unknown before or since." A possible self-portrait—a drawing—exists in the University Library at Erlangen, and it has been suggested that the St. Sebastian in the Colmar pictures is another. By the end of the sixteenth century his name had been entirely forgotten and the Colmar panels were attributed to Dürer.

* "Sieneze Painting." By Enzo Carli. With 137 Illustrations, 62 of them in colour. (George Rainbird, Ltd.; 8 gns.)

† "Grünwald." By Nikolaus Pevsner and Michael Meier. With 117 Photogravure and 26 Colour Plates. (Thames and Hudson; 63s.)

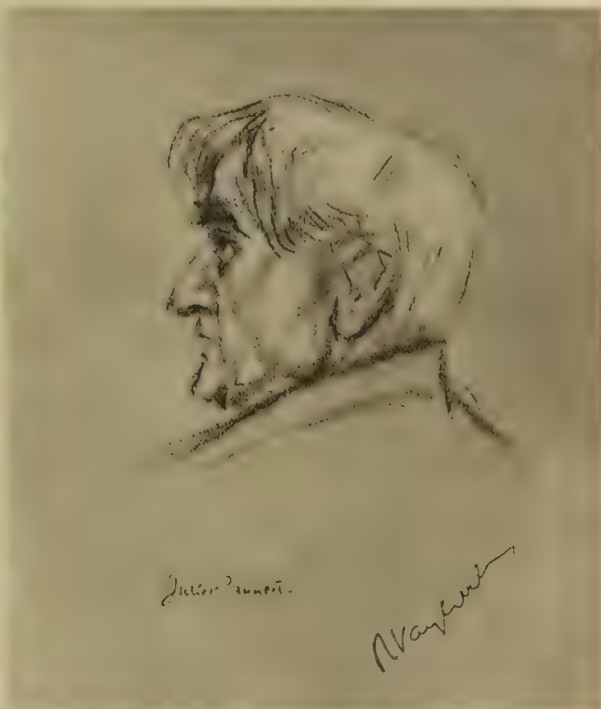
FROM GAINSBOROUGH TO FREUD: LONDON AUCTION AND EXHIBITION EVENTS.



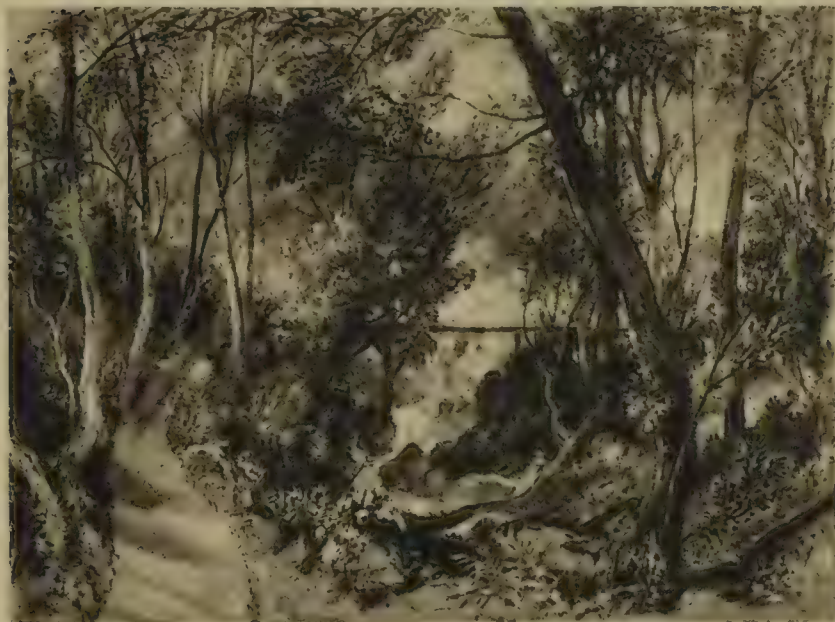
"THE HANDS OF EILEEN JOYCE": AN INTERESTING DRAWING IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY JULIET PANNETT AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.



AT SOTHEBY'S, WHERE IT WAS TO BE AUCTIONED ON MARCH 26: EPSTEIN'S MARBLE STATUE "GENESIS," WHICH HAS FOR MANY YEARS BEEN KEPT IN STORE BY ITS OWNER, SIR ALFRED BOSSOM, M.P., AND FOR WHICH HE PAID £2000 IN 1931.



"PORTRAIT OF DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M.": ANOTHER DRAWING IN MRS. PANNETT'S EXHIBITION, WHICH ALSO INCLUDES PORTRAITS OF BASIL CAMERON, PETER KATIN AND SIR EUGENE GOOSSENS.



SOLD FOR £1150—THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR ANY OF THE SIXTY-SIX ENGLISH DRAWINGS SOLD AS "THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN" IN THE SOTHEBY'S SALE OF MARCH 19: "THE WOOD WALK AT FARNLEY HALL," BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (Water-colour and gouache on grey paper: 11½ by 15½ ins.)



"THE TRAPPER'S RETURN," BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, WHICH FETCHED £2100 AT SOTHEBY'S ON MARCH 19, THUS EQUALLING THE AUCTION RECORD SET UP FOR THIS ARTIST IN THE SAME ROOMS LAST OCTOBER. (Oil on canvas: 13½ by 21½ ins.)



"A WOMAN PAINTER, 1957-1958": ONE OF TWENTY-FOUR PORTRAITS IN THE LUCIAN FREUD EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, 17-18, OLD BOND STREET. (Oil on canvas: 14 by 16 ins.)



"DUCHESNES STATUE, DIEPPE," BY WALTER SICKERT (1860-1942): IN THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH PAINTINGS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S, 43, OLD BOND STREET. (Oil on canvas: 21 by 17 ins.)



"HEAD OF A WOMAN, 1957-58," BY LUCIAN FREUD, WHO IS A GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS PSYCHO-ANALYST, SIEGMUND FREUD. THIS IS HIS FIFTH LONDON ONE-MAN SHOW. (Oil on copper: 5½ by 7½ ins.)

The current exhibition of drawings and paintings of musicians at work and ballet subjects is the second selection of Juliet Pannett's work to be shown in the Exhibition Suite at the Royal Festival Hall. Continuing until the end of this month, it includes some 200 drawings. Lucian Freud's fifth one-man show in London, which continues at the Marlborough Gallery until April 12, consists entirely of portraits. Only thirty-five years old, Freud is already widely represented in museums throughout the world. His work is distinguished

by its forceful line and expressive rendering of character and atmosphere. The fine Sickert painting of Dieppe shown here is included in an interesting exhibition of modern British paintings, which continues at Messrs. Agnew's until the end of April. Among the other artists represented are Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Harold Gilman, Keith Baynes, Wilson Steer and Paul Nash. The two works from Messrs. Sotheby's sale on March 19 contributed some of the highest prices to the day's total of £28,653.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ARE tomatoes as good and well-flavoured as they were thirty, forty, or fifty years ago? That is a most difficult question to answer with any certainty.

What grown man can compare the flavours which he knew as a small boy with the flavours of the same things to-day? It is safe, I think, to say that the flavours of certain things remain unaltered with the passing of the years. Such things, for instance, as the Williams pear, the various named apples, Cox, Blenheim, Bramley, Worcester Pearmain, and the rest. The flavour of these may vary slightly from year to year, their degree of sweetness, and the fullness of their several distinctive flavours, according to the amount of summer sunshine and general weather conditions that they have enjoyed. But their essential basic flavours remain constant. It is the same with certain vegetables which have not been interfered with by hybridists and plant breeders—watercress, mustard and cress, Jerusalem artichokes and horse-radish, to name only a few.

Our zest for, and appreciation of, such fruits and vegetables may have changed or waned as we have grown older. At the same time, it is highly probable that our palates change as we grow older. A change usually, alas, for the worse, especially if the owner is a heavy smoker.

With tomatoes the case is entirely different. The tomato is an annual, or, at any rate, we treat it as an annual. We raise it from seed in the spring, enjoy its fruit during the summer, and destroy the plants in autumn. Meanwhile, ever since the tomato came to be recognised as something one could eat, the plant breeders have been busy "improving" the race, by crossing and by selection. Whether more than one distinct species of tomato was originally used in the campaign of improvement I do not know, and so refrain from using the term hybridisation. Without doubt tomatoes, as a race, have been improved during the last half-century, improved, that is, in certain directions. The chief aims of tomato breeders appear to have been to produce strains and varieties which were more prolific than the original strains, short-jointed plants carrying trusses of fruit at frequent intervals up their main stems, with each of those trusses consisting of a greater number of tomatoes. In other words, a greater weight of fruit per plant. Another aim has been to ensure crops of even-sized tomatoes. Round, smooth fruits weighing, as near as might be, about five to the pound. From the market-growers' point of view, and at the same time from the retailers' point of view, the campaign to achieve these combined attributes has been amazingly successful. And, in addition, attention was given to raising healthy disease-proof races.

But what about the epicure's point of view? Here, alas, the breeders have not been so successful. Compared with the tomatoes which I knew as a small boy more than sixty years ago, the tomatoes of to-day are poor, characterless things with only a feeble, weak solution of the tangy flavour of those early types. One of my most vivid memories of childhood is of coming home from morning church on hot summer Sundays. My father and I would go straight to the tomato house, a small, half-sunk lean-to

TOMATOES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

affair, with the tomato plants planted out in a bed, and trained up bamboo canes close under the glass. And there my father would gather and devour dead-ripe tomatoes, hot from the sun. And he would give me the smaller specimens, the largest of them no larger than my largest glass marble. They gave off a rich aromatic aroma—tomato scent at its fullest and best, and the flavour was equally full and fine. But the plants were not particularly prolific, and the full-sized fruits were deeply ribbed, and often rather mis-shapen. But who cares about the shape of a tomato, except a modern market-grower, or greengrocer? But to me those Sunday morning tomatoes of long ago were one of life's greatest treats, and to this day they remain a vivid and treasured memory.

But where could one obtain such finely-flavoured tomatoes to-day? Alas, those clever

the early 'thirties that an American friend sent me a packet of seed of a tomato called "Ox Heart." This had fruits perhaps half as big again as the average tomato of commerce to-day, and they were heart-shaped. A somewhat elongated heart. Occasionally a monster tomato would make its appearance, weighing up to a couple of pounds. The flavour of "Ox Heart" was excellent, and the quality of the flesh fruity. I grew "Ox Heart" at my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage for many years, and saved seeds for sale. They proved very popular. Many folk grew and liked them, largely, I suspect, on account of their novel shape. I liked them because in flavour they came nearer to the tangy type that I had known as a child.

But quite apart from breed or strain in modern varieties of tomato, there is another factor which causes the fruit, as eaten by the majority of the buying public, to lack flavour and full fruity quality, and that is that they very seldom get a fully-ripe tomato from a shop, or at a restaurant. It is natural that the market-grower picks his tomatoes directly they have coloured up sufficiently to be attractive-looking and saleable. There would be no object in leaving them on the plants a day after they have reached that point. The thing is to get them off to market as soon and as early as may be, and so help the plants to get on with maturing the rest of the crop. Moreover, at that stage they have reached their maximum weight, and in that state they are firmer, and so travel better than they would later when fully ripe. For this reason the buying public seldom, if ever, gets fully-ripe tomatoes, and thus scarcely knows how good a tomato can taste if allowed to mature fully on the plant.



"THE AMATEUR" TOMATO: "THAT ASTONISHING MODERN OPEN-AIR VARIETY." "With this all that is necessary is to plant out the young plants, from pots, at 'bedding-out' time and just leave them alone. No pinching-out of side-shoots is necessary, and no tying up to stakes. Give them a sunny position in any decent soil, and leave them severely alone, except for gathering the great quantities of tomatoes which are produced."

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of W. H. Unwin Ltd., Histon.

breeders and selectors, in aiming at—and achieving—prolific plants and even-sized, smooth, round fruits, seem to have forgotten all about flavour, and juicy-fruity quality. The nearest I have ever got to the old fully-flavoured type was with a variety of American origin. It was, I think, in

For that reason, if for no other, it is well worth while having one's own home-grown tomatoes, for only thus can one have the fruit at its very best—that is, dead-ripe. The fruit should be left hanging until it is almost ready to drop. Personally, I grow a few tomatoes in big pots in an unheated lean-to greenhouse, and, in addition, some of that astonishing modern open-air variety, "The Amateur." With this all that is necessary is to plant out the young plants, from pots, at "bedding-out" time, and just leave them alone. No pinching-out of side-shoots is necessary, and no tying up to stakes. Give them a sunny position in any decent soil, and leave them severely alone, except for gathering the great quantities of tomatoes which are produced. If it should be a cold, sunless summer and the crop slow in ripening, it should be remembered that green tomato chutney is quite excellent, and green tomato jam, flavoured with a little root ginger, is outstandingly delicious, and a most pleasant change from all the more usual and conventional jams. But remember, it requires longer boiling than most other sorts, otherwise it may turn out watery.

One last hint for the cultivation of "The Amateur." Slugs have a way of lurking in the shade of the bushy plants and browsing on both the ripe and the unripened tomatoes. This can not and must not be tolerated. An occasional sprinkling of Metabran mixture is a simple operation, and saves the crop with deadly certainty.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

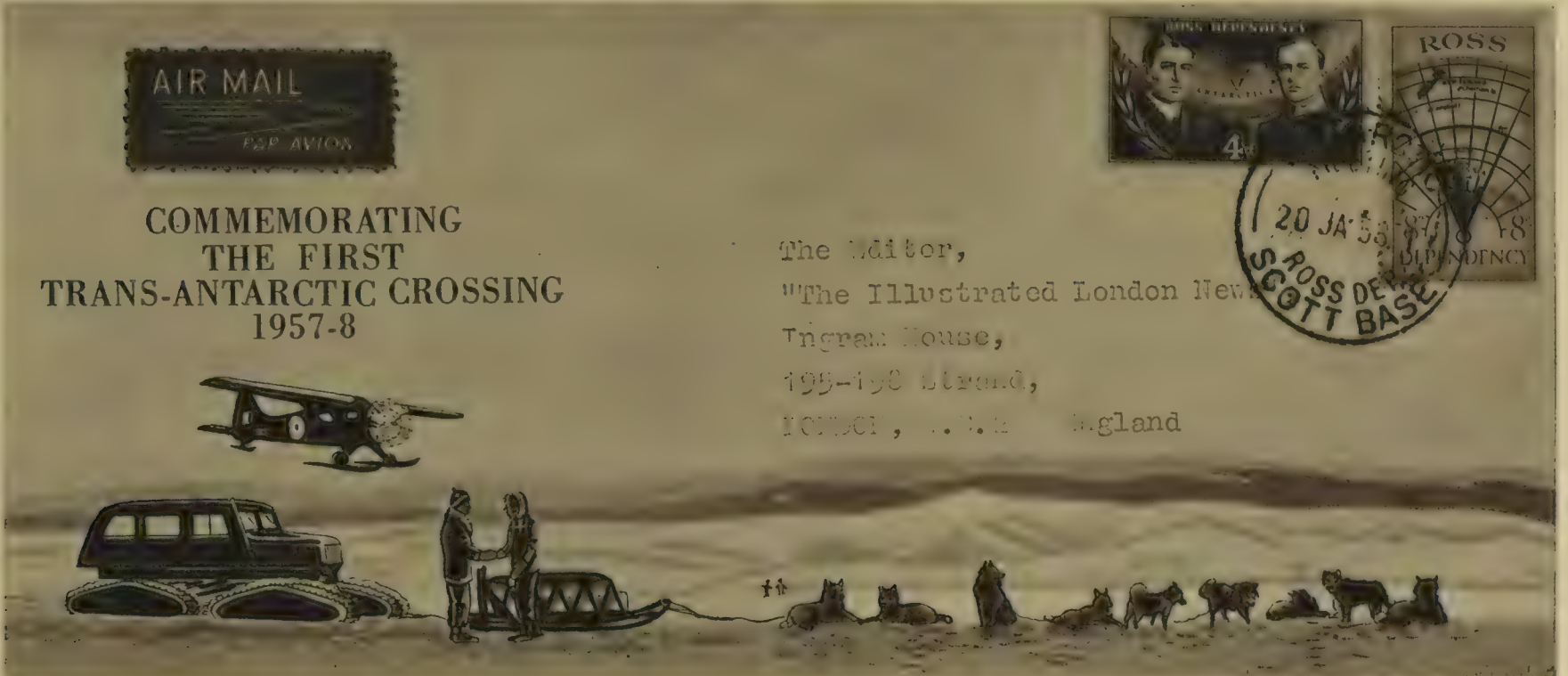
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MATTERS ANTARCTIC, ASTRONOMICAL, AND MARINE: A SURVEY OF EVENTS.



A COLOURFUL SOUVENIR: ONE OF THE ENVELOPES WHICH HAVE BEEN DESIGNED TO COMMEMORATE THE FIRST ANTARCTIC LAND CROSSING.

To commemorate the first land crossing of the Antarctic a special envelope has been designed. The Sno-Cat, the Beaver aircraft and the sledge are coloured orange, the huskies yellow, and the snow in white and blue-green. This envelope, posted at Scott Base, was received from the de Havilland Aircraft Co. of New Zealand Ltd.

SCOTT BASE.			
N. WELLINGTON Z.			
MILEAGES TO			
WELLINGTON	2,536	SOUTH POLE	841
LONDON	10,588	WASHINGTON	9,214
MOSCOW	10,501	TOKIO	7,929
CANBERRA	2,987	CAPETOWN	4,603
BUENOS AIRES	4,449	SANTIAGO	4,399
PARIS	10,382	BRUSSELS	10,520
OSLO		11,085	

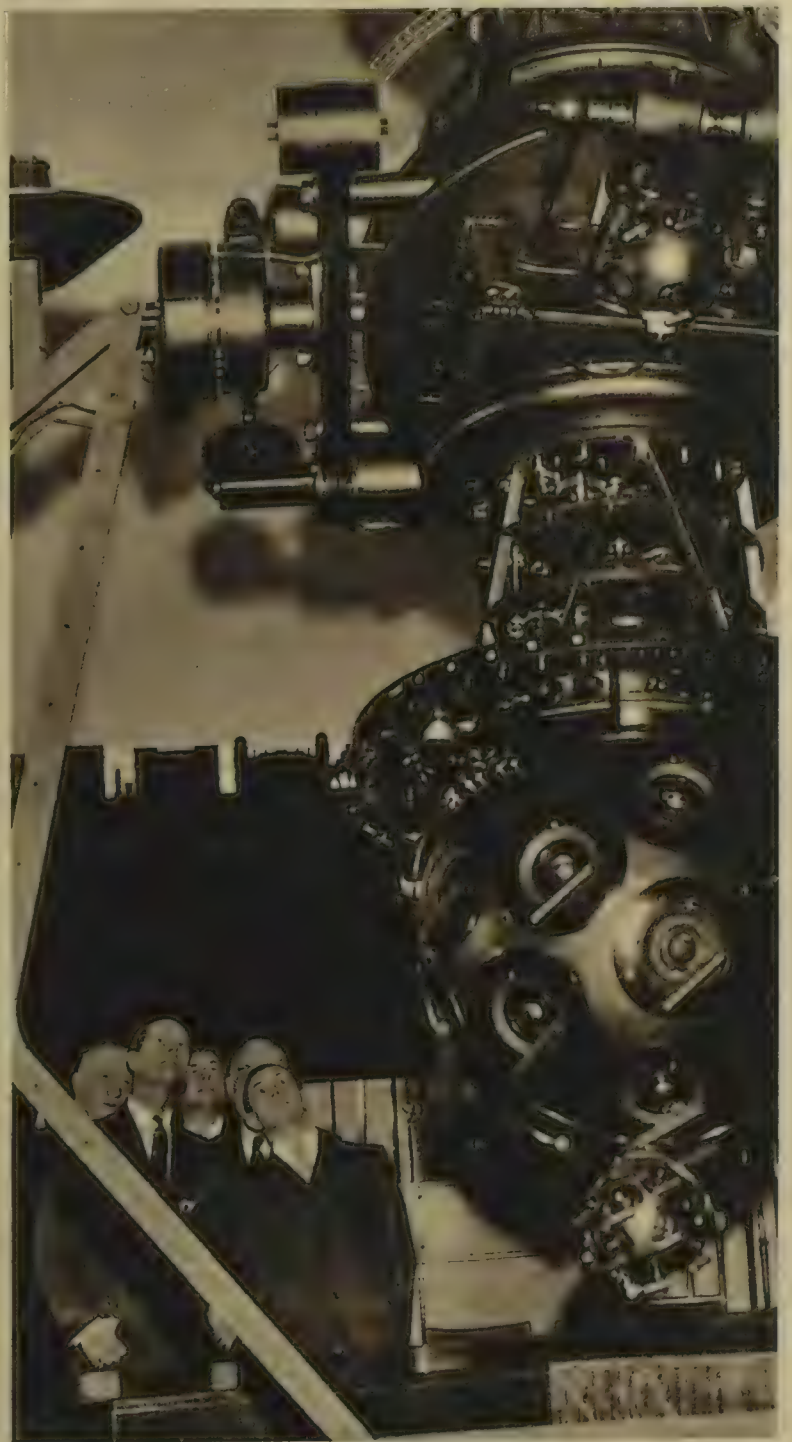
AN UNUSUAL SIGNBOARD: THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION MILEAGE INDICATOR WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED AT SCOTT BASE.

The first Automobile Association signboard in the Antarctic has been erected at Scott Base. The idea of the A.A. Secretary in Wellington, the sign shows mileages from the Base to capitals of countries taking part in International Geophysical Year work in the Antarctic.



NOW FLYING THE PAKISTANI FLAG AND BEARING THE NEW NAME JAHANGIR: THE FORMER H.M.S. CRISPIN, A 1730-TON DESTROYER HANDED OVER ON MARCH 18.

This destroyer, and her sister-ship Creole, were sold to Pakistan in 1956 and have since been refitted and modernised in Great Britain with funds made available by the United States under the Mutual Defence Assistance Programme. The handing over of Jahangir took place at Southampton.



AT LONDON'S NEWLY-OPENED PLANETARIUM: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT THE £70,000 ZEISS PROJECTOR WHICH WEIGHS OVER TWO-AND-A-THIRD TONS.

The London Planetarium, which adjoins Madame Tussaud's in Marylebone Road, and which is the first of its kind in the Commonwealth, was opened on March 19. On the previous day the Duke of Edinburgh was a member of the audience who saw the first performance in the Planetarium.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IF the heading sounds odd, let me say at once that I am not going into fey rapture about pixies—not every Cornishman is pixy-led—or even a covey of gnomes. The Christmas plays are over; I use my heading because, within a few days, I have met Little Eyolf, little Arthur, and little Beth. The first child gives his name to one of Ibsen's less-acted

away from a figure dangerously melodramatic. I don't know what we should have thought of Janet Achurch's performance at the Avenue in 1896. According to Shaw:

As Rita she produced almost every sound that a big human voice can, from a creak like the opening of a rusty canal lock, to a melodious tenor note that the most robust Siegfried might have envied. She looked at one moment like a young, well-dressed, very pretty woman; at another she was like a desperate creature just fished dripping out of the river by the Thames Police. Yet another moment, and she was the incarnation of impetuous, ungovernable strength. Her face was sometimes winsome, sometimes listlessly wretched, sometimes like the head of a statue of Victory, sometimes suffused, horrible, threatening, like Bellona or Medusa.

Miss Chasen does not, of course, approach the part on this scale. Rita is, at present, just outside her scope, though she can project certain speeches with a deadly aim. The difficulty, I felt at the première, was that she and Mr. Eddison were being trapped into a too level delivery, that the scene needed to be much more varied and flexible. It was not helped by the director's resolve to turn the "grey weather" to a spotlight twilight.

David William's production, nevertheless, can be finely authoritative, and he has let Malcolm Pride design some unexpected sets, one—the first—in great detail, and the third a craggy ridge on which the characters must poise, as my companion said, like wild duck. There is understanding secondary work by Selma Vaz Dias—if we can call the Rat Wife, with that single haunted scene, secondary (the actress has not fussed it into grotesque character); and by Barbara Clegg as one of the skeletons in the Ibsen cupboard, Michael David as the man of roads, and John Hall as the boy Eyolf. But things have changed a little since Shaw described the play "as actual and as near to us as the Brighton and South Coast Railway."

Little Arthur has a better acting chance than Little Eyolf. He has the scene with Hubert: one in which many Arthurs, though able to escape from blinding, have barely managed to escape from the fury of Shakespearians. Few scenes have been more often murdered, yet, when done with any competence, it can be extraordinarily touching. Certainly it touched me at Cambridge, where the Marlowe Society's producer (anonymous like the rest of the company) brought it well forward, in front of the curtain. Arthur was clear and simple, and his Hubert did not over-fret the part.

But, then, no Marlowe productions are over-fretted. This Society's standard of speech continues to astonish. Usually, to hear it is like reading Shakespeare in the best kind of edition, the text well-printed

and spaced on a good page. In this revival both the John, with his slithy-tove manner, and the Bastard were boldly established, and John did make one feel now and then that, in Holinshed's word, the man had "a princelie heart in him." The Blanch was also refreshing. So often the poor girl goes into honey-dew rapture over that political alliance with the Dauphin. At Cambridge Blanch had all the pride of Castile.

A heartening performance. I hope soon to write about the Marlowe scheme, directed by George Rylands, for recording all the plays of Shakespeare on long-playing discs: a grand and much-needed project under British Council auspices.

Eyolf, Arthur, and now Beth: this girl, who is sixteen, and who lives in a Thames-side bungalow, behaves like a child of eight. She is the centre of an Emlyn Williams play, "Beth" (Apollo), that considers a problem of responsibility. When the Welsh "Mam," who has had so strange a household to care for, dies, what is to become of Beth? How, indeed, will everyone fare? Will the elder daughter's marriage to a rich young man solve the problem? And is this solution really honest? The theatre bristles with question-marks, and when that is so, one cannot say that a play fails.

This is by no means the most persuasive Williams; but it is not negligible, and the cast



"EYOLF, IN IBSEN'S DRAMA OF POSSESSIVE LOVE AND HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY, HARDLY APPEARS. . . . EVEN SO, HE DOMINATES THE NIGHT": EYOLF (JOHN HALL) WITH HIS FATHER, ALFRED (ROBERT EDDISON), IN A SCENE FROM "LITTLE EYOLF" (THE LYRIC OPERA HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH).

plays—it is long since the years of Shaw's *Saturday Review* excitements—the second child, from "King John," must have the epithet because of Little Arthur's History, and the third, Beth, is not really entitled to her "little" because she is twice her apparent age, a girl who will not grow up.

Eyolf, in Ibsen's drama of possessive love and human responsibility, hardly appears. He has a scene during the first act, and then he goes limping off to follow the Rat Wife. Even so, he dominates the night. When a baby he was crippled because of his parents' selfish lack of thought. He becomes an unwanted child, a stab at their consciences, until (when he is nine) his father begins to care for him properly: an act that his mother interprets later as concealed egoism. (How this woman, Rita, can hate!) Rita, possessive and sensual, wishes the child dead, and die he does—drowned when he goes to follow that Rat Wife who will rid the house of any "gnawing thing." After this, the parents have a fearful scene of torment and recrimination, and the third act turns upon the need for atonement.

It is a dark, tortured play. I am not sure that, at what we must now call formally the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, I came much nearer to appreciating it than I did at the Embassy Theatre more than eleven years ago. It is work for climbers in the Ibsen range, though it descends too often to a barren scree.

From Hammersmith one thinks first of that battering verbal contest in the second act when Rita and Alfred Allmers seem to be fighting each other with the two-handed swords used in the Old Vic "Lear." No quarter is asked or given; beside this, the scene from "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" fades in haze. I wish the acting at The Lyric could be more consistently impressive. Robert Eddison, intellectually, knows his man inside out. Heather Chasen understands what Rita, the Tigress Wife, should be, but cannot find the "lift" that would take the part



"IT IS WORK FOR CLIMBERS IN THE IBSEN RANGE, THOUGH IT DESCENDS TOO OFTEN TO A BARREN SCREE": "LITTLE EYOLF," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) ALFRED (ROBERT EDDISON); ASTA (BARBARA CLEGG) AND RITA (HEATHER CHASEN). STANDING BEHIND IS BORGHEJM (MICHAEL DAVID).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE KIDDERS" (St. Martin's).—Play of American life by Donald Ogden Stewart, first done at the Arts. (March 18.)
 "GENTLEMEN'S PASTIME" (Players').—Musical play. (March 24.)
 "THE CATALYST" (Arts).—A comedy of manners by Ronald Duncan, banned for public presentation. (March 25.)
 "BREATH OF SPRING" (Cambridge).—Athene Seyler in new light comedy by Peter Coke. (March 26.)
 "HALF-IN-EARNEST" (Belgrade, Coventry).—Marie Löhr and Brian Reece in a musical version of "The Importance of Being Earnest." (March 27.)

does much to send it along: Robert Flemyng, though his touchy "hermit" in a wheel-chair must always be on the edge of the wrong kind of theatre; Ann Beach, as Beth, who might be maddening, and who is not; and Irene Browne, ex-opera star in intermittent song. There is one almost unactable part, the rich young man, a character where Williams has lost touch. Let me have Little Sister any time rather than Big Brother-to-be.

ANCIENT AND MODERN AT SPADEADAM WASTE: AND OTHER TOPICAL ITEMS.



THE RESTORATION OF HADRIAN'S WALL—"THE MOST IMPRESSIVE RELIC OF THE ROMAN FRONTIER SYSTEM": LOOKING DOWN OFF WILLOWFORD BRIDGE.



THE MINISTRY WAY WITH THE ROMAN WALL: WORKMEN AT SPADEADAM WASTE—FOR FURTHER NEWS OF WHICH SEE BOTTOM LEFT.

The Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works are at present pursuing a policy of uniform consolidation of the part of Hadrian's Wall under their care, stripping the turf and cementing the top courses; and would like to take over the rest.



MILLIONS OF TONS OF COAL IN STORE; A PANORAMA OF DISUSED LIMESTONE QUARRIES IN DERBYSHIRE IN WHICH BIG STOCKS OF SURPLUS COAL ARE SPREAD OUT.

At the beginning of March the National Coal Board held 8,382,000 tons of undistributed stocks of coal—more than three times as much as in March 1957. Part of the storage problem of such a surplus is solved by spreading it out in disused limestone quarries.



ANOTHER ASPECT OF SPADEADAM WASTE, IN CUMBERLAND—SEE ALSO TOP RIGHT PICTURE: MAKING THE SUNKEN DUCT FOR BRITAIN'S FIRST LARGE ROCKET STATION. At Spadeadam Waste, as well as the conservation of Hadrian's Wall, the construction of Britain's first large station to handle large rockets up to intercontinental ballistic scale is going forward. We show what will be an underground duct for taking a rocket from the control house (background).



FOR THE RECORD CATCH OF THE YEAR—2430 TONS OF FISH: EARL MOUNTBATTEN PRESENTS THE "SILVER COD" TROPHY.

On March 12 at Fishmongers' Hall, in the City, at the "Silver Cod" dinner, the "Silver Cod" trophy for the best catch of the year was presented to Mr. Walter Lewis, skipper of the trawler *Lord Beatty*, which was at sea for 302 days last year and landed 2430 tons.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

NO doubt a few earnest, aggressive writers, censors of the age, are good medicine, whether one enjoys them or not. And we have two this week, on quite different lines. "Leave Me Alone," by David Karp (Gollancz; 16s.), is, of course, American, and, as usual, extremely copious. Its effect of size and weight has been magnified by the use of chapter-headings (and sometimes tail-pieces) from an "untitled work" by an imaginary Professor Miles Minton Cameron, on the "indifferent generation"—Mr. Karp's subject. In this admittedly "horse-sized," jargonical opus, the Professor defines those born in the 1920's as a bunch of petty-minded subtopians, hugging anonymity and security, terrified of controversy, philistine to the backbone, and with no social outlook beyond their "anthill." And his book is on offer to the distinguished publishing house of Searington, where Mr. Karp's hero works as an "editor."

Arthur Henry Douglas, though born into the "indifferent" group, has been hoisted out of it by veneration for J. H. Sprague, Searington's editor-in-chief, and the G.O.M. of American publishing. Sprague has taught him to care for good books and speak his mind; but while he lived in New York, shielded from subtopians and busy despising his own crowd, he was hardly conscious of being an exception. Now he is to collide head-on with the rule. When he and Eleanor decide to move for the children's sake, he stickles for a non-cultural area; and they buy a house in a bourgeois commuter's town on Long Island. The children love it; Eleanor begins "joining" like mad, and would be quite happy if she could preach him into another job. Publishing isn't a business; it's "some sort of medieval left-over." Who reads books to-day? In a real business he could make double the money. . . . For Arthur, meanwhile, the new life has resolved itself into strap-hanging, slaving at the lawn, and being plagued by "clucks." And the hero's "smartness" is not apparent; he gets a big idea, botches it completely, and then walks out after insulting the clucks *en masse*. At Searington's, his claim as the rising Sprague is passed over, and he nearly walks out again. . . .

I may have a blind spot for Mr. Karp. I was unconvinced by *One*; far less can I swallow the present, semi-literate hero as an *âme d'élite* and white hope of culture. All he and Sprague ever display is rudeness. But Mr. Karp is a storyteller—readable and forceful, if nothing else.

OTHER FICTION.

"On the Last Day," by Mervyn Jones (Cape; 15s.), is shorter, grimmer and more distinguished. The scene is Quebec, a year hence. In World War III, England has fallen and the Government fled to Canada. Among the official refugees are a Civil Servant named Bernard Austen, and his friend Alan Shore. At this point the war has stuck, and only the crack of doom—an inter-continental rocket—will get it going again. Alan is the genius behind the Allied rocket. Now he has time off; and launching sites are being made, *in case* . . . but as an official secret. And life goes on: for the exiles, a life of "corroding narrowness," in a town unfriendly and sometimes worse; it has a Resistance Movement called the F.M. (Fils de Montcalm). Yet there are mitigations: great, rolling views, girls who are not hostile, escape in music. There is an "Anglo-Canadian orchestra," where Bernard meets Denise Roussel, and falls in love—rocket or no rocket. Alan alone suffers unconditionally.

The plot, a kind of apocalyptic melodrama, is out-classed by the realism—the Canadian scene, the blight of exile, and the individual flashback. Denise's account of her childhood as a trapper's daughter—a real trapper's daughter—is far more telling than her "sublime" rôle. Indeed, one can't like her as a heroine. Mr. Jones's talent has always been grave and virile, but rather charmless—easier to respect than to go along with.

Now for a small snippet of gaiety. "The Siege of Aunt Estelle," by Helen van Rensburg (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), is about someone's maiden aunt, living in a "half-house" in a village near Durban. This frail, charming little lady has always been on the best of terms with the other half; but now her co-tenants leave, and one nuisance succeeds the next. They are undesirable in totally different ways; but quite soon, by an equal variety of dodges, strictly as the hidden hand, she gets them all out—and acquires a taste for it. Not exactly brilliant, but fresh and sparkling.

"Once, and Then the Funeral," by Bernard J. Farmer (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), might be better named, since corpses keep piling up. First, that of Glise Briar, plunging to death in the circus with a bullet in her heart. The survivors of the act—known collectively as the Great Artinis—are Mr. Copeland, the strong-man boss, a huge, female "Belsen horror," who adores him doglike, and a brace of normal-seeming young men. However, it may have been someone in the audience. . . . Next, young girls are being strangled. There are plenty of suspects, besides a rural diversion, a lovely and noble policewoman, a lot of heroism and romance (some rather nasty), and policemen of every grade. Lush, effective melodrama.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FOR the fearsome task of getting an electronic computer to play good chess, there is a certain absence of incentive. When a machine of this type can earn £100 an hour on hire to big business, only university experimenters can waste time using it for chess. Manchester and Princeton have done so, but their achievements have been so distorted in the recounting and so many people believe machines may beat good players at chess within our lifetimes that it is time we made it clear that such a *dénouement* is probably centuries away.

The Russians, in their *Sputnik* mood, may some day throw a thousand researchers and a million pounds into the project, just to ensure their world supremacy at chess for ever. You can picture the grand master of the future, with a sub-microscopic receiving station in his ear . . . his opponent's move is radioed to the scientists in his native land . . . ten, twenty, thirty moves deep gropes the machine . . . back comes the reply in a whisper . . . he makes it incomprehensibly but obediently (after all, it is the party machine!) . . . only hours later does he perceive, in a blinding flash, the cunning behind it.

It is as well to know what they are up against. Time, for instance. Every top-rank game is a battle against the clock. They'd have to be very well-drilled to get the moves coded for the machine, decoded on re-emergence and transmitted to and fro, without wasting a precious proportion of the player's time to begin with.

"But a machine which can do 500,000 sums per second could laugh at time!" Not with the sort of sums chess provides. Any normal position offers a choice of about thirty legal moves, *i.e.*, about thirty times thirty, or 900, for a white move and a black reply. For two moves and two replies, 900 times 900 or 810,000. For three moves and three replies, 900 times that. Thus to analyse every possibility just three moves deep on each side, the machine would already need nearly half an hour, or about nine times what is normally allotted per move.

To analyse every possibility seven or eight moves deep, which people are afraid these machines are going to do, they'd need a year at a time.

Look at this position (rest of board blank):

Black



White

Most good players would see the clean-cut win by 1. R-K3ch at once. After 1. . . . R×R; 2. P×R, whichever pawn Black captures, White comes up behind the other; *e.g.*, 2. . . . K×KtP; 3. K-K2, K-Kt5; 4. K-Q3, K-B4; 5. K-Q4, K-K3; 6. K-K4, K-B3; 7. K-Q5, K-K2; 8. K-K5, K-Q2; 9. K-B6, K-K1; 10. K-K6, K-Q1; 11. K-B7, K-Q2; 12. P-K4 and the pawn queens in a few moves.

This is a very simple position, eminently suitable for the machine. To analyse every possibility up to the queening of the pawn (which is the first moment at which White gets any material return for giving up a pawn on move one), the machine would have to examine over a million million million chains of moves, which would take it a couple of centuries.

Of course, the player goes by the "feel" of the position, not by such painstaking calculation; he sees that he can secure the "opposition." Quite clearly, the machine would need to "feel" positions. Well, I have heard masters trying in vain to make clear the theory of the opposition. It can apply in thousands—perhaps millions—of different positions; and in millions of millions of others it has no importance at all. You can tell the machine when and how to apply the principal of the opposition; not me, thank you! And the "opposition" is only one of a hundred different *motifs* in chess.

It's silly to criticise any machine too unkindly in its infancy. But when the Egyptians discovered the wheel, they didn't discover the gas turbine. I'll back chess for a couple of centuries against the computers yet!

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DIPLOMATIC AND MILITARY.

THE story is told of how, at the beginning of the last war, two young officers in a railway carriage were inveighing against the shortcomings of the Foreign Office. A member of that organisation who was in the carriage could contain himself no longer. "Don't you realise," he broke in, "that if it hadn't been for us you couldn't have had your damned war?" A pleasant enough joke but totally unfair. For, as Mr. John Connell points out in "The 'Office': A Study of British Foreign Policy and Its Makers 1919-1951" (Wingate; 25s.), of all the bodies who carry responsibility for World War II the Foreign Office is the least blameworthy. This admirably presented book should be read by our modern democracy with attention. As Mr. Connell reminds us, the trouble which led to the ineffectiveness of Britain in the tragic pre-war years was not of the "Office's" making. The exhausted victors who merged from the 1914-18 war, put their sufferings down to the "Old Diplomacy," as conducted by a mainly aristocratic, cosmopolitan set of gentlemen in each major country who, for all their apparently amateur outlook on these matters, were, in fact, highly skilled professionals who had preserved the peace of the world for long years before the catastrophe. The old diplomats, however, shunned the limelight. They knew nothing of, and were not at home in the new diplomatic world of the Versailles Treaty negotiations or the new League of Nations. The world of "open disagreements openly arrived at" in a blaze of publicity was, to say the least, confusing to those brought up in less democratic and more discreet days.

The Foreign Office manfully, if painfully, adapted itself to the new ways. They bore in silence the usurpation of foreign policy decisions during the Treaty negotiations by Lloyd George. They stood by their humiliated chief, Curzon. They adapted themselves to the new methods of Arthur Henderson. They found it easy to go with Austen Chamberlain to Locarno—that short-lived triumph which seemed to contain the seeds of so much hope. They warned and converted to their view Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare, that resurgent Germany was the greatest of the many dangers to peace. But they found it impossible to bring home to their immediate masters the ancient paradox that if you wish peace you must prepare for war. The Office could only look on in dismay at the effect on the indolent Baldwin of the strident campaign of the cranks and the Socialists, the League of Nations Union and the Peace Balloteers, the Fulham by-election and the Left Book Clubs. And when these gentry had done their evil work, and while calling for a "halt to aggression" had denied their country the means by which aggression could be halted, the Office had to face a new and impossible dilemma. From the time of Neville Chamberlain's succession to Baldwin as Prime Minister the control of foreign policy was for all practical purposes removed from the Foreign Office. Mr. Connell's description of this period of our foreign affairs is as saddening as it is moderately recounted.

In the post-war period Mr. Connell concentrates on Mr. Ernest Bevin, whom he rightly admires, and on a fascinating account of the Burgess and Maclean scandal. This is an excellent book as one would expect from someone with Mr. Connell's pleasing pen and civilised approach.

A man who may well have changed the history of the British Empire was a dapper little dried-up Sepoy general who became the hero of the nation. He was General Sir Henry Havelock, the subject of "Way to Glory: The Life of Havelock of Lucknow," by J. C. Pollock (Murray; 30s.). Havelock, for all his gallant services in the Afghan and Indian wars, was virtually unknown in the native land he had so seldom visited since young manhood—until the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. Then, when British prestige was at its lowest ebb, there leaked back to England a tale of an astonishing series of victories. For the little general, with tiny scratch forces, decimated by cholera, campaigning with European troops in the height of the Indian summer, again and again defeated forces immeasurably greater in numbers and relieved Lucknow, only to die in the hour of triumph. Mr. Pollock's story of how this ardent Christian achieved his successes (and saved British India) largely by the sheer force of his personality is splendidly told—and an admirable

answer to the "measures, not men," school of historians.

I have left myself, alas, bare space in which to do more than recommend two admirable books. The first, "The Death of the Last Republic," by Peter Gibbs (Muller; 25s.), is the tale told, with irony, wit, but with good nature, of the defeat of the Boer Republic in the South African War. It is not a story in which the British reader can take much pride, but Mr. Gibbs tells it so engagingly that even the incredible Sir Redvers Buller appears an object of compassion rather than condemnation.

As for the second, "Mainly on the Air," by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann; 21s.), this new and enlarged edition of his broadcasts and essays will confirm the idolatry and affection in which all true worshippers of the "incomparable Max" already hold him.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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to London from Windsor Castle. Also shown in the Museum are some of the Royal equipages, including the magnificent State Coach used for the Coronation. Visitors can also see the Royal coach horses used to draw the State Coaches. The Royal Mews are to the south of Buckingham Palace, having been moved from Charing Cross in 1825.

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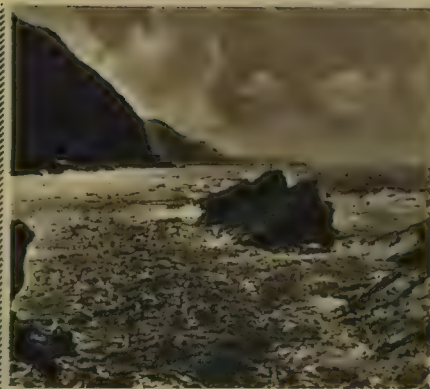
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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

THE chance sight at Mallett's of a pair of delightful mid-eighteenth-century carved and gilded wall mirrors in the manner which our ancestors imagined was Chinese set me thinking that of all the ordinary objects which make up the contents of a house, the mirror seems to have given designers and craftsmen exceptional pleasure. It is as if they felt a greater freedom in dealing with it than with anything else. No doubt this was partly because its very nature provided endless possibilities; its presence could enliven a badly-lit room, and it could marvellously enhance the soft glow of candlelight. Until the last quarter of the seventeenth century mirrors were small and both rare and expensive. But as soon as the Vauxhall Glass Works began to produce bigger plates and to render the country independent of Venetian imports, most houses of consequence were furnished with tall pier glasses in the narrow spaces between windows. Until then the mirror seems to have been regarded rather as if it were a painting, framed soberly enough in walnut or, in exceptional cases, in elaborately carved frames in the style of Grinling Gibbons; most of us would say decidedly over-framed. After that, however, picture-frames went one way, and mirror-frames another—or rather, several.

One most attractive expedient for the tall pier glasses of the reign of William and Mary was to have the main part framed also in glass—narrow strips two or three inches in width, sometimes engraved with a simple pattern of scrolls, or with

verre eglomisé, a fashion which was derived from Venice. The upper part would be arched and perhaps surmounted with a cresting in carved and gilded wood. At about the same period long mirrors came into fashion for above the fireplace. After that came some rather homely mirror-frames in walnut veneer, sometimes enriched by discreet gilding, but by about 1725 few mirror-frames were made in the plain wood, and it seems that few men thought of using mahogany for this purpose. One can understand that a mirror with a gilt frame would be considered a suitable foil to gilded furniture in the William Kent style; but it is very odd that the idea of a mahogany frame to harmonise with mahogany furniture found so little favour.

The gilded and carved mirrors of an architectural type are familiar enough; far less often seen are those whose frames are of gilded gesso carved in low relief. But the age of the really lively and exuberant mirror-frame was from about 1745–1765, when all kinds of pseudo-Chinese and pseudo-Gothic designs were produced. Like many other types of furniture, they are invariably labelled Chippendale because he included them in his famous book, but there is no doubt that, in this case at least, he was following, not leading, the fashion. Then came reaction—the elegant mirrors of the Adam style, with their urns and husks and honeysuckle, and finally, at about the turn of the century, the popular circular convex mirror, generally surmounted by an eagle.

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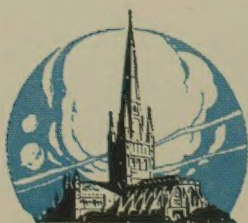


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